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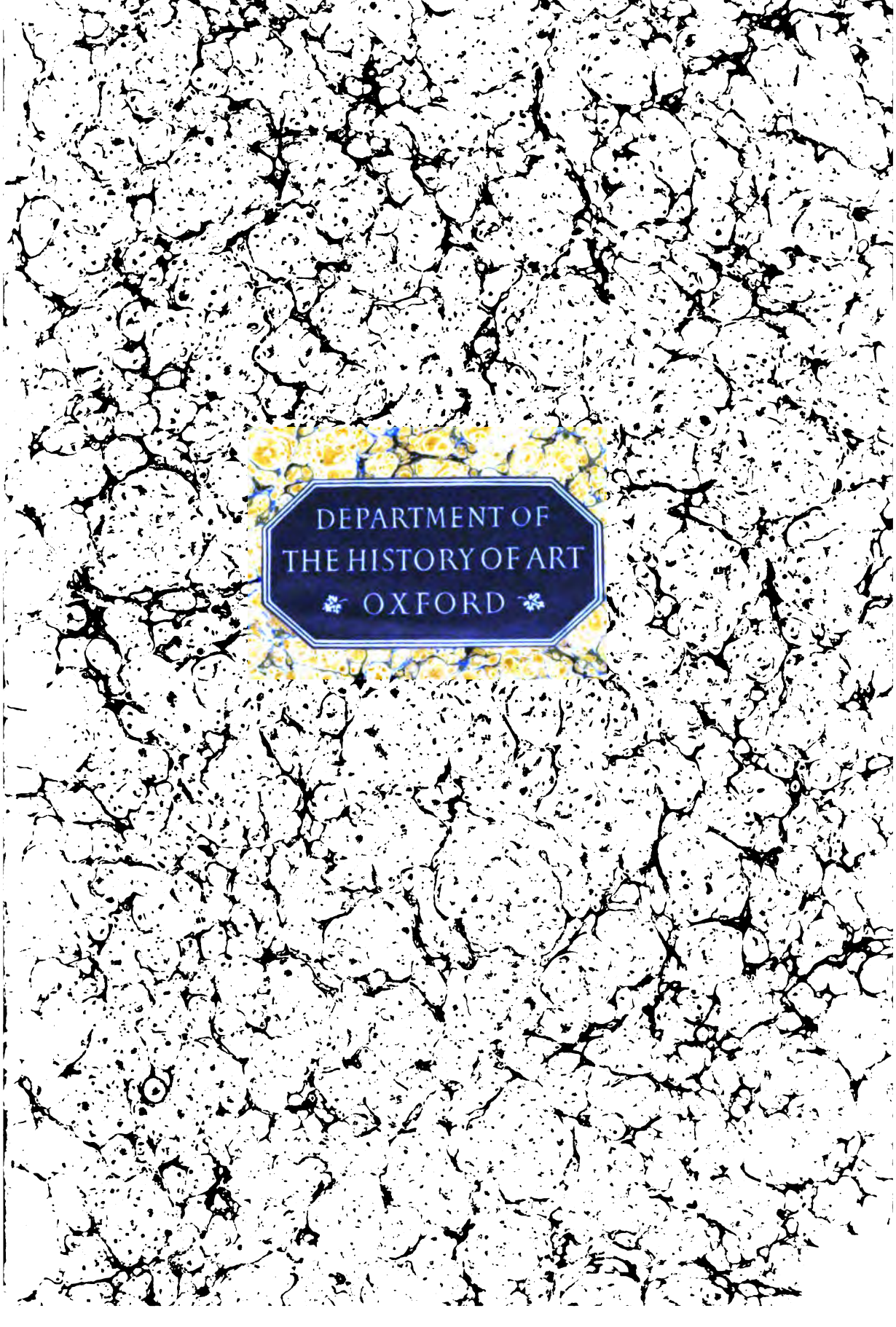
DEPARTMENT OF
THE HISTORY OF ART
OXFORD

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MISCELLANEOUS

OBSERVATIONS AND OPINIONS

ON THE

CONTINENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF MICHEL' ANGELO," AND
"THE SUBVERSION OF THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT."

"Cœlum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt." HOR.

LONDON.

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MISCELLANEOUS

OBSERVATIONS AND OPINIONS

ON

THE CONTINENT.

CALAIS.

May 3, 1822.

HERE, an English carriage pays a duty of one-third of its value:* that a government has a right to make any regulations which may best suit its policy, there can be no difference of opinion; but, an Englishman has also a right to complain when any foreign scheme of policy partially makes him the sole exception to a general law; as the Netherlands, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Piedmont, and Spain, are not liable to pay this tax.

* No part of this duty is remitted if you remain in France beyond a limited time.

CHANTILLY.

This Château was destroyed in the beginning of the French Revolution, but there yet remain two considerable buildings, and the stables, so universally admired by travellers. The basement story of the castle is restored, and where the superstructure was, is now a platform, which makes a terrace for a promenade. The building, inhabited by the Duc de Bourbon, for he does not choose to take the title of Prince de Condé, is fitted up with taste and elegance, and the old carving has been restored and fresh gilt. Here is a long narrow gallery furnished with pictures, representing the most celebrated battles and sieges of the Great Condé, let into the panelling of the wainscot in the same manner as when they were first painted. Here is also a neat Chapel, but no Library. In the Duke's sitting-room were all the stags' and roebucks' horns, and wild boars' tusks, which had been killed in the season, chronologically labelled and arranged, with an injunction not to be touched, lest their order might be disturbed. The

Duke lives retired, and the sports of the field and the forest are his amusement and his occupation. Besides this restored part of the old castle there is another considerable range of building, detached from the Château, erected by the present Duke for his ill-fated son, the Duc D'Enghien; and, during his life, was called after him; but, since his detestable murder, it is never mentioned by any other name than the new building.

The stables, so much lauded, are magnificent, and in the highest degree unfit for their purpose. They are at least forty feet high, and six hundred feet long, without accommodation for a bushel of corn or a single truss of hay; in the centre is an octagonal room, sixty feet in diameter, and ninety feet in height. Here the Prince used to dine once in the course of the hunting season, with a large party of his friends of the chase.

The old garden has not been restored, but here is a modern garden laid out like an English gentleman's pleasure-ground.

ST. DENIS.

This Royal Abbey Church was founded by Dagobert, A. D. 613, and from that time has been the place of sepulture of the kings of France. In 1793 their remains were disinterred, and thrown into a common fosse; the silver busts of saints, and shrines, and other treasures, were presented to the National Convention, and sent to the mint. In the year 1802 I saw the church in its ruined and dilapidated state; it was then used only as a repository for barrels of lime. It is now restored, apparently by contract, with parsimonious plainness. The squares and lozenges of coloured glass in the windows are a feeble effort to produce an effect, which has failed, and in the general air and character of the building, there is a total absence of richness or solemnity.

In the crypt are arranged the tombs of the early kings of France, of the dynasties of Dagobert, of Clovis, and of Capet, with their respective recumbent statues, all clean, fresh gilt, and painted; but, as neither the sculpture is of

the time of the kings which are represented, nor do the sarcophagi enclose their remains, all sentiment that appeals to the imagination is destroyed. Bonaparte's bronze doors, intended for his own sepulchre, remain unapplied.

Here is a column, not thrown down by the revolution, to the *beatified* Francis II. the husband of *Queen Mary the Martyr*. These titles may be fairly estimated when we know how to value the zeal and piety of the tragedy of St. Bartholomew. Charles IX. and the Pope had the liberality to beatify this king, because he had been so fortunate as to be the husband of Mary, Queen of Scots; yet he fell short of the dignity of a saint, because they who had to bestow these honours, hated marriage, the support and safeguard of civil society, though they were not startled at assassination, when it was supposed to promote the interest of the Hierarchy.

PARIS

Is delightful, and Bonaparté contributed to its improvement; but his triumphal arch is a poor imitation of the arch of Constantine, and the

sculpture upon it is much in the same style, excepting the bas-reliefs, which were stolen from the arch of Trajan. The situation of this arch was chosen to flatter Napoleon's vanity, but the area in which it stands, would be much handsomer without it. His column is a noble monument, and an ornament to the place Vendôme, but in it there is nothing new, except that it is of metal, and not of marble; and, instead of the ancient military Roman dress, there are cartouch-boxes and skeleton-jackets and the *matériel* of the Austrian army, thrown together without much thought or taste; and what might be considered objectionable in the detail of Trajan's column is here copied and made more defective—an entrance door, which ought not to be seen (and there are several ways, by which that might have been effected), is here enriched with very bold relief, while the architrave is plain, narrow, and mean. The eagles at the four angles at the base of the column, if they were not military ensigns, would be too contemptible to be tolerated. If grandeur of design be the aim of an artist, it is obvious, that

whatever is unappropriate should be rejected, however it may flatter professional pride or personal vanity. The eagles at the base of Trajan's column, and the *squeezed* lions that support the obelisk before St. Peter's, are in equally bad taste, and ought rather to be examples to depart from, than to imitate.

The only work of art to ornament Paris, which is quite new, is an Elephant-Fountain with a castle on his back, sixty feet high. The model, of the full size in plaster, was executed under Bonaparté, to be cast in bronze. In one of the legs, there is to be a staircase to ascend to the top of the castle, which is designed for a reservoir of water, and a public walk round it. The feet of the elephant are represented to press the ground, by which small fountains are to gush up round each foot, while the principal fountain is to flow out of the proboscis; the water will then fall into a large marble basin, ornamented with bas-reliefs, out of which it will again flow through the mouths of lions' heads into another basin still larger, which is to overflow all round in one sheet. That nothing may be wanting to

make this design as convenient as it is novel, there is to be a *Café* in the elephant's belly, with suitable accommodation. André le Nostre made colossal frogs and toads to spirt water at Versailles, which have been humbly imitated at Spa, without the story of Latona for so *good* a reason to shew why they should be there; but this oriental colossus, with its new attributes, was reserved to mark the progress of taste regenerated by Napoleon.

Paris has more amusements than London. To amuse the public is of greater importance in absolute monarchies than in republican or mixed governments. In the one, the people look up to the authority that governs them for their amusements: in the other, they know the law, and amuse themselves. Hence, monarchies have a tendency to make the people vain, and republics, proud.

In Paris the military are everywhere, and, in a public garden, no one is permitted to walk without being told; *par ordre de Police on déposera en entrant, les Armes, les Cannes, et les Parapluies.*

Here the officers of the police are dressed so as to seem to be military. In England, on the contrary, even the military themselves are never intruded on the people, to interfere with their amusements.

At the Pont des Arts, two invalid soldiers sit at each end of the bridge, to watch over the order of the passengers; yet there is no street-keeper in Paris, as in London, though that want is too obvious; the exercise of such an office would be unpopular, and in this constitution, it is better that the people should have their way in little things, that the government, without obstruction, might have its way in greater. Horace Walpole has quaintly observed of the Spaniards on a particular occasion, that a nation, which had borne the Inquisition, refused to wear a cocked-hat. Thus, the most civilized nations and the most barbarous meet in one common point, each in their way equally disposed to exchange gold for tinsel.

MUSÉE ROYALE.

This was the season of the public exhibition

of works of art, similar to our exhibition at Somerset-House. The number surpassed my expectation, and the display of talent was very considerable; but the modern French style of painting is very peculiar, and differs materially from the English school. Their best historical pictures are solidly painted, and highly finished, but executed with hardness, and without an agreeable texture on the surface, so fascinating in the Venetian school; their compositions want repose, the expression, which is always individual, often sinks into vulgarity. What is more strikingly observable, is, that in all the historical works of the French school, there is a total absence of any thing like principle in *chiar-oscuro* or *coloring;* every part has its own light-and-shadow, and its own color, wholly regardless of any principle as to the conduct of the whole picture. If this be a true and legitimate feeling of what the art of painting ought to be, Titian and all the Venetian school were in error for the want of this new light, and from posterity have received very unmerited praise.

David's picture of the rape of the Sabines,

which has now been painted nearly thirty years, was a work that made a great sensation in Paris, and appears to have served as a model of ideal perfection for the painters on the continent ever since. The tone of this picture is improved by age, but in all other respects it illustrates what I have said. The hand of the artist is displayed everywhere with laborious care, while the grouping is as bad as it can be. The naked children on the ground are huddled together, and have a vulgar effect, which is not compensated by any supposed historical propriety: the whole composition is without simplicity or pathos, and the individual figures seem only to be painted to create an admiration for the academic skill of the artist. It is singular, that while the French painter strives to make his figures as correct, and as cold as marble, the sculptors, on the contrary, endeavour to make their statues picturesque; of this bustling style, the statues of Desaix, and Kleber, in the Luxembourg, are prominent examples.

NOTRE-DAME.

This cathedral has undergone no change by the Revolution. The two statues of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. who, at the altar, are presenting a crown to the Virgin, with the contortions of a posture-master, were spared; which, if there had been any taste in the iconoclastic faction, ought to have been the first to suffer martyrdom. The sacristy contains Bonaparté's royal and imperial vestments, but Childéric's supposed *Bees*, which made part of the embroidery, are now supplied by the *fleur-de-lis*. In this room, before the Revolution, was kept a silver-gilt globe which contained the crown of thorns: Robespierre melted the globe, but the thorns were *miraculously* saved. Here is now a similar globe, given to the church by Bonaparté, where they are still kept, to be revered by those whose superstition governs their understanding. Near to the cathedral is a house, which is called La Maison du *Chanoine Fulbert*. This may have been its situation, and, although an old house, there is no reason to believe it to be of that an-

tiquity. Against the wall is a carved bracket, in which are represented the portraits in profile of Abelard and Eloïsa.

ST. GENEVIEVE

Was begun in the year 1764 by M. Soufflout, and is not yet finished. There was a bas-relief in the pediment, executed in the Revolution, agreeably to the polytheism of the day, and the church itself was called the Pantheon. This bas-relief is now converted to christianity, and the church restored to its patron saint. In the crypt are the remains of many illustrious men. Among them, Admiral de Winter and Cardinal Erskine, are names familiar to us. The bodies of Voltaire and Rousseau were here deposited together in the same vault, but, at the Restoration, they were disinterred; and still remain unburied in a recess closed by temporary folding doors. Why the restored government should imitate this odious practice of the Revolutionists, so universally detested by all reasonable and thinking men, it is difficult to conceive either as consistent with political wis-

dom, or Christian charity.* When Charles V. took the town where Luther was buried, it was suggested to him, that he now had it in his power to scatter the bones of his heretical enemy to the winds. Upon which he observed, "He is now before another tribunal, and our contest is at an end."

ST. CLOUD.

The garden and pleasure-ground of St. Cloud are beautifully situated, and by nature not less beautifully diversified; but nature is here everywhere subdued, and made subservient to art. Insipid and affected marble nymphs, and trimmed orange trees in tubs, with corresponding regularity, conduct the eye to fountains which seldom flow, and when they do, make

* Corneille was buried in St. Roch, and Racine, Pascal, Le Sueur, and Tournefort, in St. Etienne. To these celebrated men there is no monument, tablet, or inscription, to shew where they lie. This would seem extraordinary to an Englishman, in whose country every church abounds with records of the dead, if the neglect did not remind him that Dr. Radcliff still wants even a tablet to tell where his remains were deposited in that University to which he was an unrivalled benefactor.

art ridiculous, by shewing how nature may be lost in childish puerilities. Here is a little channel about two feet wide, and a hundred and fifty feet long, with small pipes, at given distances from each other, which spirt up water like so many syringes; and, on each side, a favourite gravel-walk. The French are lively and gay, and fond of the country, but the country must be trimmed, and made fashionable before it can be truly delightful.

VERSAILLES.

In arithmetic, many little sums make a great one, but this principle, when applied to works of taste and genius, is fallacious, and I know of no work of art that is so good an illustration of this truth as the palace of Versailles. The whole façade is composed of little parts multiplied, and even this whole, from the great projection of the centre, can never be seen in any one point of view; thus, the real extent, its only character that deserves any notice, is apparently diminished. Of the interior, the ceilings are incumbered with massive gilt scrolls, convoluted in

every direction, making frames, and setting limits to Le Brun's allegories, which, for splendid incongruity, rival the carver and gilder's art, and unite to make a tasteless profusion of magnificence. The ceiling of the chapel is equally imposing and attractive, while the windows have the plainness and simplicity of a parish church.

During the despotism of Robespierre, two statues of Louis XIV. had their heads taken off, and supplied, in one instance, with a head of Mars, and, in the other, with the bust of Brutus; but these, in their turn, have now resigned their places to Louis *le plus grand*, with his flowing wig, in full costume. In the Royal Library there is a small whole length statue of him in bronze, in the character of Apollo, which the revolutionists permitted to remain. Gibbon says, if it be possible to measure the interval between the philosophic writings of Cicero and the sacred legend of Theodoret, between the character of Cato and that of Simeon Stylites, we may appreciate the memorable revolution which was accomplished in the Roman empire within a period of five hundred years. In France, the

national character, if possible, is more widely different between the reign of Louis XIV. and that of the era of the Revolution. In the former, flattery was tortured to deify the king, and the manners of every class were polished to the utmost refinement; in the latter, brutal manners were substituted for the common courtesies of life, and civilization itself was voted to be a debasement of the true dignity of man.

Louis XVIII., after his return to France, ordered a little spot of ground in the garden to be laid out to represent his English garden at Hartwell. Here the resident English congregate in a summer's evening, and are reminded of the happy country they have left.

THE SALON.

In Paris, as in every other city on the continent, the English live very much together, have their own parties of persons with whose station in society they are well acquainted; and are unmindful of foreigners, in whose country they live. This is not very creditable to our countrymen, nor likely to be very improving; but there

is one exception to this English habit, where there is said to be the *best company* in Paris—the *Salon*, Rue Grange Bastelière, whose master of the ceremonies is a French Marquis. I had the honour to dine here once, and spent a long evening, and I have no reason, from my own knowledge, to suppose that the company might not be as good as it is represented: but this is obvious, that play levels all distinction, creates an intense self-interest, and for every other purpose, the mind is an entire blank, without one social feeling. An English gentleman, with whom I was acquainted, told me, that here he at different times had lost four thousand pounds; and retired with a full conviction that the pleasure of this *coterie* was bought at a higher price than it was worth.

Miscellaneous.

BIBLIOTHEQUE DE L'ARSENAL.

The only part of this building which is interesting to a common observer, is the bed-room and the sitting-room of the Duc de Sully, which is in the same state, as to decoration, as when he inhabited them. The rooms are richly gilt, but very small, and low.

MANUFACTURE ROYALE DES GOBELINS.

Here are twenty-six frames employed; at a large frame, three persons can work at the same time on the same picture: an historical picture, a little wider than an English whole length canvass, and of the same length, and consisting of large figures, will employ three persons for five or six years. The artisans are hired and paid by the year, and have their lodging found them by the government; their highest wages do not exceed the rate of thirty shillings, and the lowest three shillings and three pence a week.

Duels are frequent in Paris, and often among people of lower condition in life than in England. Instead of the small sword, it is common to fight with a foil, with the button filed off, and sharpened to a point.

The houses in the streets in Paris are numbered with even numbers on the one side of the street, and odd numbers on the other; by which means, in a long street, there is a convenience in knowing, by the first number, on which side of the street any particular house is to be found; and this is more especially a convenience where the numbers do not terminate with the street, but include a district, or *arrondissement.*

In London, this improvement has been adopted for the first time in Regent-Street, which is a long and picturesque street, and, though the architecture may not be very good, yet it is a great improvement to a street to have any architecture at all, rather than to have rows of houses with flat walls like Portland Place, which, though a fine brick street, yet, when compared to the High Street in Oxford, or the Strada Balbi in

Genoa, might be taken for national granaries, or the barracks of a great military empire.

There are two ways of dining at Paris; the one, at your own Hôtel, and the other at a Restaurateur's; the former is most conformable to the character of an English gentleman. At the latter you can order your dinner to a mouthful; but to have every dish cleared that is set before you, is a retail mode of dining, unfavourable to English feelings, and an exercise of too nice a calculation for comfort.

In France, there is the same superstition as in England, that if it should rain on a given day, it will afterwards rain for forty days, and their saint, which corresponds to our St. Swithin, is *St. Meda*, and the ominous day, the 8th of June.

The hôtel of the celebrated Admiral Coligny, where he was murdered, and the house opposite to which Henry IV. became a victim to the same diabolical fanaticism, are both now converted to woollen drapers' shops; the one at the corner of the *rue Bithesy*, by the sign of the *Tête noire*, and the other, in the *rue de la Ferronnerie*, and has a bust of the king in front of the house.

The gilt dome of the church of the hospital of the invalids has a bad effect. It is an exhibition of the triumph of gold over good taste and common sense. It is Gothic ignorance to suppose that, because gold is valuable, it must necessarily increase the value of art by its application, and this is a good illustration of the mistake. The cupola wants size to be grand, and, from its discordance in effect, appears not to belong to the building of which it makes a part.

A bronze equestrian statue of Henry IV. now stands on the

Pont Neuf. It is by no means equal to that which it has replaced. On the one side of the pedestal is this inscription:

HENRICI MAGNI
PATERNO IN POPULUM ANIMO
NOTISSIMI PRINCIPIS
SACRAM EFFIGIEM
CIVILES INTER TUMULTUS
GALLIA INDIGNANTE DEJECTAM
POST OPTATUM LUDOVICI XVIII. REDITUM.
EX OMNIBUS ORDINIBUS CIVES
AËRE COLLATO RESTITUERUNT
NEC NON ET ELOGIUM
CUM EFFIGIE SIMUL ABOLITUM
LAPIDI RURSUS INSCRIBI
CURAVERUNT.
DEC. XXV. MENS. AUG. MDCCCXVIII.

Where the Temple prison stood is now a church, not yet finished, and the site of the ancient monastery is degraded into a rag-fair.

The MS. of Telemachus, said to be in the hand-writing of the author, in the *Bibliothèque Royale*, is not in his hand, the corrections only are written by Fenelon. The ceiling of the room where the MS. is kept is painted by Romanelli, and originally was a work of great merit, but is now very much injured. The two colossal globes in this library have no other merit than that of being colossal.

On all the French bank notes, there is this warning to the

public: *La loi punit de mort le contrefacteur.* The old Venetian republic punished by law only four offences with death; of which this was one: but the civil and ecclesiastical authorities had their secret tribunals, where neither torture nor death were limited.

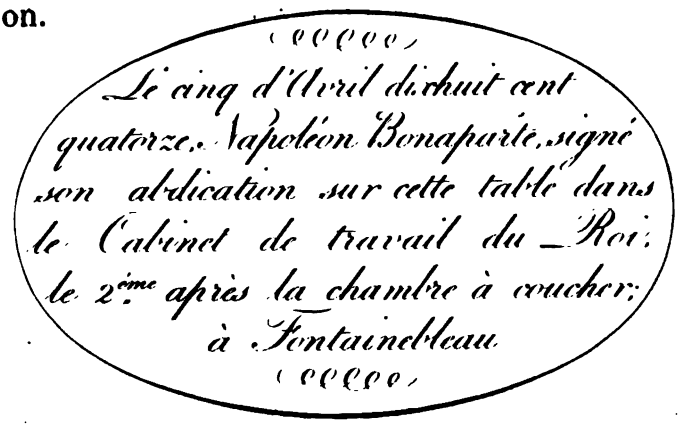
Heraldry is less esteemed in France than in England. The arms of the king are never represented, either with supporters or a crest. In England, supporters have been attached to the royal arms from the reign of Henry V. to the present time, and a crest appears to have been used as early as the reign of Henry III. When the arms of France and Navarre are borne on the same shield, they are always borne *party per pale*, and not quarterly, as with us. These peculiarities may be considered the more remarkable, as our heraldry and all its terms are derived from France. On the death of distinguished persons in France no achievement is placed over the door of the deceased, nor are there any armorial ensigns displayed in the church; the red and the green hat of a cardinal and a bishop are the only posthumous memorials that are suspended there.

CHATEAU DE FONTAINEBLEAU.

This palace has been built at several different times; but that which forms its leading character at present is of the age of Francis I. and Henry IV. To a painter, parts of this mass of building, which consists of several courts and quadrangles, are highly picturesque, and the stone is of an agreeable colour. The rooms and state apartments are not ornamented with works of art worth any particular notice. Here is a narrow gallery decorated with the most extravagant conceits of sculpture; in it are arranged the busts of the illustrious generals of France, and, in their company, an Englishman is surprised to find the bust of the Duke of Marlborough, whose name, when alive, the French nation could never condescend to pronounce.

In recent times, this palace has not been without its interest. It was the prison of CHARLES IV., and of PIUS VII., who was confined here from the 20th of June, 1812, to the 23rd of January, 1814. It was here the sovereign Pontiff was insulted by Bonaparté, and here Bona-

parté himself resigned his own arrogant sovereignty to superior talents, or greater good fortune than his own. His abdication was written on a small round table; and, to commemorate the event, the Duc d'Angoulême caused an oval brass plate to be engraved, and inlaid on the top of the pillar of the table, with this inscription.


Le cinq d'Avril dix-huit cent
quatorze. Napoléon Bonaparte, signé
son abdication sur cette table dans
le Cabinet de travail du Roi;
le 2ème après la chambre à coucher;
à Fontainebleau

That the top of the table might not be changed by separating it from the stand, or its identity rendered doubtful, the Prince, at the same time, affixed a seal of the royal arms to the underneath part of the table itself.

TOURS.

The public library is kept in no order; and

the literature it contains is mingled in confusion, as it would seem, not to be remembered, but to be forgotten. Here are several Polyglot bibles, and a very fine copy of the Mayence bible, in two volumes, folio, of 1462. Here is an old MS. of the four Evangelists, on vellum, written throughout in letters of gold in the Gothic character. This volume is supposed to have been written as early as the reign of Charlemagne, but it has no date, and its antiquity entirely rests upon conjecture. It formerly belonged to the ancient convent of St. Martin. The gold letters are not raised nor embossed, as is common in missals of the 14th and 15th centuries. Here is a model of the geometrical staircase of the monastery of Marmoutier, said to have been the first that was ever constructed upon that principle. This monastery, of which the reigning king of France was always a monk, was one of the most ancient in the kingdom, and richly endowed; but reduced to ruins in the Revolution.

The museum consists of five or six rooms, hung with exceedingly bad pictures, to which

the names of celebrated masters are attached, to give them some importance to the ignorant, and make them more ridiculous to those who are better informed.

The principal objects of architecture are a Gothic cathedral, not completed, and a good bridge over the Loire, thirteen hundred and thirty-five feet long, and forty-eight feet wide, quite flat, and consisting of fifteen elliptical arches. In the cathedral is a monument of two children, both dauphins, sons of Charles VIII. and Anne of Brittany. This monument was originally in the church of the Benedictine Convent of St. Martin.

The general character of the country about Tours is flat, without possessing any striking feature; and, when seen from the top of the cathedral, the horizon is not bounded in any direction by the slightest eminence.

TOULOUSE.

This is a large city built of brick, situated in a flat country, as far as the eye can extend. The river Garonne is broad and handsome, but

the color of the water is like the Avon at Bristol, or the Severn below Chepstow—a great diminution of its beauty.

I surveyed with interest the situation of the British forces when they beat the French army under Soult, and took Toulouse upon the 10th of April, 1814; but I was sorry to find, that a monument, which had been erected to Colonel Forbes, who fell in this action, was maliciously destroyed, and even his name no longer to be seen. A French soldier of the Napoleon school has been rarely found to be a generous enemy. His vanity, and his hatred of whatever stands in the way of it, makes his nature sensible only to his own mortification, and insensible to the honor and glory of others. The monument was erected in the centre of a place called the labyrinth *du petit Gragnagues*. The inscription, which had been in English, and was swept away, I was surprised to find, learnt by heart by a poor girl without shoes and stockings, who lived in the neighbourhood; and who thus repeated it without knowing another word of English. "This monument is erected to the memory of Lieu-

tenant Colonel Forbes, of the 45th regiment of British infantry, who was killed on the 10th of April, 1814, in valiantly leading on his soldiers to the attack of the *tête-du-pont* which was established on the canal *des deux mers*, opposite to this place."

In this city, the church of St. Saturin, commonly called St. Surnin, is interesting for its early architecture. It was begun about the year 1060; the first altar was consecrated in the year 1097. In the crypt there are clustered columns, more of the Gothic than of that character which we call Saxon; the small round columns which compose the cluster, terminate in an obtuse edge externally, as the clustered pillars in the cathedral of Milan, and crowned with little irregular capitals, something like a childish imitation of the Corinthian order. The vault is groined, and here are two examples of pointed arches.

To the devotee, this church is an inexhaustible repositary of reliques. Here are, according to authority, which it would not be safe for any good Catholic to doubt, the remains of no

less than seven of the Apostles,* and twenty other saints of inferior note; amongst whom, as an Englishman, I ought not to forget St. George, who is one of the number; but those who are interested in historical recollections, will, perhaps, more sincerely feel for the fate of the brave and generous Duc de Montmorency, who was beheaded in the court-yard of the Hôtel de Ville in 1632, and lies buried here in a small neglected chapel.

The library *du clergé* contains from twenty-five to thirty thousand volumes, principally theological, for the use of the clergy; but no scarce books, nor any MSS.

The great library of the *Collège Royal* is a very fine collection of books on all subjects, with many valuable MSS. Here is a copy of Stanley's Æschylus, which belonged to Racine, with marginal remarks and translations in his hand-writing, but these manuscript scholia are confined to the choruses of the *Choephoræ*. His

* The apostles are, St. Philip, St. James the Great, and St. James the Less, St. Bartholomew, St. Simon, St. Jude, and St. Barnabas.

hand is remarkably neat and plain, and the notes seem to be made rather to fix in his mind particular passages, than to illustrate them. On the title-page of the book he has written his name.*

Here is the most ancient literary society in Europe, originally founded by seven Troubadours as early as 1323, and known then by the name of the *Gai Consistoire.* Towards the end of the fifteenth century, the endowment of this institution was greatly augmented by *Clémence Izaure,* the Sappho of her time, who was a rare example of considerable poetical talents, great wealth, and great munificence. In the city she established several beneficial institutions, and, at her death, bequeathed them to the people of Toulouse for ever, on condition that they should hold an annual feast in the *Hôtel de Ville,* which was built at her expense, and, from thence, carry roses to decorate her tomb; which ceremony is now called *les Jeux Floraux.* In the academy is a marble bust of André Bernard, an Augustin monk, of whom the in-

* A fac-simile of his name is engraved at the end of the volume.

scription states, that he was a native of Toulouse, and crowned Poet Laureate by Henry VII. of England. Here is also the bust of Paul Riquet, the engineer of the canal of Languedoc.

Near to Revel, at St. Ferriol, is the great basin, to feed this canal, made in the year 1664; which, besides its vast importance as a reservoir, is the most beautiful piece of artificial water any where to be seen; it is situated on a very considerable eminence, in the midst of still higher mountains. The water is exceedingly clear, and, from its great elevation, is constantly agitated, and a succession of waves beat upon the shore like a little sea. This reservoir is supplied by two springs from a high mountain, called Mountain *noir*, and its greatest depth is about 108 English feet. The narrow valley, below the basin, is beautifully diversified with wood, through which the water flows to the canal, and is called Vale de Vaudville. The contrivance to confine this vast body of water, and the mechanism to let out just so much as may be required, does the greatest credit to

M. Riquet, the engineer, under whose direction it was made.

The canal was first projected by Francis I., but afterwards executed in the reign of Louis XIV., and completed in 1680. It is 153 feet wide in several places, including the causeways on each side. The flood-gates are from 30 to 40 feet wide, and the canal is navigable for vessels of 90 tons burden.

NARBONNE.

This town is interesting, from its appearing to have the same character as when it was the capital of southern Gaul. The streets are extremely narrow and ill paved, and the construction of the shops similar to those of Pompeii; here are several houses supposed to have their outward walls built when the city was a part of the Roman empire. In a private house I saw a fire-place, supposed to be of that period; it has a frieze certainly of very early antiquity, and appears to have been originally made for the place. The sculpture on it consists of heads in

high relief, of white marble, or rather what had once been white, for the frieze is now brown with dirt and smoke; and, among the heads, there is the bust of a Roman senator.

In different parts of the town are numerous fragments of antiquity, both in sculpture and inscriptions; but the sculpture, which chiefly consists of parts of friezes of temples, mutilated bas-reliefs of figures, and architectural ornaments, is almost all of the lowest age. In the court-yard of the archbishop's palace are preserved two inscriptions, which made a part of an ancient altar, dedicated to Augustus. Here was also an amphitheatre, but its situation can now only be traced in the cellars and vaults of private houses. In the street de Pelyrine are the remains of a Corinthian temple, dedicated to Jupiter Tonans, which, after having been converted to a Christian church, is now degraded to a stable.

The inscriptions and other remains of antiquity discovered at different times within the last century, have been most minutely and labo-

riously delineated and described by a M. Lafont and his brother in several folio and octavo volumes; but, as the cost of printing and publishing them would doubtless have exceeded the return, the work still remains in MS. in the possession of their descendant M. Lafont, an eminent engineer, to whom I take this opportunity of returning my thanks for his kindness and attention during my stay at Narbonne.

The cathedral is now the only building of any importance; its foundation was laid in 1272, and consecrated 315 years afterwards, then not half finished, and at this time it consists of little more than the choir, all attempts to complete it having been abandoned for more than a century.

The body of Philip *le Hardi*, who died 1285, was removed from Perpignan to this church, and buried in the middle of the choir: a tomb, with his figure lying on it, was erected over the place of his interment; but, in the Revolution, the statue was demolished and the tomb destroyed, and no vestiges of either remain: with

this whirlwind the see itself was swept away, and the archbishop's palace is now tenanted by private families.

Over one of the gates of the city, called the *Porte de Roi*, there is still a republican notice, in capital letters, *Citoyen, respecte les proprietes et les productions d'autrui: elles sont les fruits de son travail et de son industrie.* This inscription is all that remains of that ephemeral democracy which so lately convulsed all Europe; and in France, is now almost forgotten.

The honey, for which Narbonne is so deservedly celebrated, is every year diminishing. Bees have ceased to be an object of attention to the peasantry; they now devote their time to their vineyards, and neglect them. The flowers of the wild plants in the neighbourhood of Narbonne are highly aromatic, and give that flavour which is peculiar to the honey; but the prevalent opinion is, that this peculiarity is given exclusively by the wild rosemary, *rosmarinus officinalis.*

MONTPELLIER.

This city was not known to the ancient Romans, but is supposed to have originated from an emigration of Spaniards, who fled from the tyranny of the Moors about the reign of Louis-le-Debonnaire, A. D. 814. The dialect of the people is very peculiar. Racine, writing to La Fontaine, says, that he has, in Montpellier, as much occasion for an interpreter as a Russian would have in Paris. The common language is a mixture of Spanish and Italian, and, as he understood those two languages well, he often was obliged to avail himself of their aid to understand what was said to him, and to make himself understood.

The city is large and very pleasantly situated; it is said to have a population of thirty-two thousand. The *Place du Peyrou* is a large square, in a commanding situation, planted with trees, and laid out with straight gravel walks. In the centre was an equestrian statue of Louis XIV., which was destroyed when the French hated

kings, with the same enthusiasm as they had once idolized them. Voltaire was so pleased with this *Place*, that he suggested a plan to arrange the busts of all the illustrious men who had adorned France in the age of Louis XIV. around this equestrian statue, "*et inspirer aux siècles à venir une émulation eternelle.*"

The statue was set up in 1718, and, at the same time, to give the *Place* additional consequence, there was erected a sort of triumphal arch, as an entrance to it, ornamented with sculpture, to honor *Ludovicus Magnus*, as he was styled on the pedestal of his statue. These bas-reliefs still remain, and one of them represents the revocation of the edict of Nantes.—If political wisdom had not wholly lost its influence, thirty years, which had elapsed since the revocation, might have set some value on the industry of more than half a million of people, who, by that edict, were lost to their country; and, if any Christian virtue had existed, time ought to have brought repentance, rather than exultation, for the boundless misery and wretchedness created by it.

Here is a botanic garden, founded by Henry IV., the earliest known to have been established in Europe. It contains about six thousand species of plants: among those that are rare there is a very large *Convolvulus Arboria.* Here is also a collection of vines of every variety of grape grown in France. The funds allowed to support this institution are quite inadequate to do justice to it, or to the professor, M. Delile, who is a man of science, every way calculated to promote its best interests. This garden is very ill supplied with water, which might be amply obtained at a small expense by the aqueduct that supplies the town. This is one of those little injudicious savings, so common and so absurd, that although they occur daily, never fail to create surprise.

In a part of the garden, by the side of an avenue of cypress trees, there is a marble tablet, inscribed PLACANDIS NARCISSÆ MANIBUS. Here Dr. Young's step-daughter was buried, whose loss, and her unhallowed interment, he so often laments in his *Night Thoughts.* She was the daughter of Lady Elizabeth Young, by a former

marriage, and was herself married to a Mr. Temple, son of Lord Palmerston, at seventeen years of age, and died at Nice, as Mr. Herbert Croft says, in her bridal hour.

The cathedral is a poor building, and the only attraction of any interest is a picture by Sebastian Bourdon, who was a native of Montpellier.

I was here on the 23rd of June, 1822, and the heat was excessive. The thermometer of Réaumur, under a tree, in the shade, in the Botanic Garden, was 31° and a fraction, which would be upwards of 101¼° of Fahrenheit. Already eight months had elapsed without rain, except occasional showers, which rather served to boil, than to water the little vegetation that was left. Afterwards, when I visited Mont St. Bernard, where an exact thermometrical account is kept, I found, that on the same day, Fahrenheit's thermometer was 63½°; both these degrees of heat were higher than had ever been known either by M. Delile of Montpellier, or by the Augustins of this Hospice.

NISMES.

The most prominent feature of Nismes is its ancient amphitheatre, once capable of accommodating 16,599 persons. Its external façade is more perfect than any other that has come down to our time. These buildings, of which I have seen the remains of no fewer than fifteen, are all elliptical, of one general character, nor is the architecture that remains of any of them, at all worth noticing. Their general form and size is grand, of which the Coliseum in Rome is by far the most impressive. The inside of this is a ruin, and the outside has been much defaced by violence, particularly by the wars of the Saracens and Charles Martel, at the latter end of the seventh, and the beginning of the eighth century: it is now undergoing a restoration; a very dangerous experiment, which never satisfies the antiquary, and always diminishes our confidence.*

* The circumference of the arena is 705 feet. Circumference of the highest seat towards the attic 1,110½ feet. The number of rows of seats thirty-two. Allowing twenty-one inches for each

Besides the amphitheatre, there are many vestiges of antiquity, of which the most important is a rectangular temple, of the Corinthian order, vulgarly called *La Maison Carrée.* It is a parallelogram, with a portico of six columns. The columns are slightly barrelled, and the capitals composed of acanthus leaves; the entablature is highly enriched, and has this peculiarity, that the position of the modillions are reversed; the large end projecting in front, of which I know of no other example.* Agreeably to the ingeni-

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person, this amphitheatre would accommodate 16,599 spectators. The longest diameter from outside wall, to outside, is about 438 feet, and the transverse measure, taken in the same manner, about 338 feet, and the height of the whole building 70½ feet.

The ground story consists of sixty arcades. The columns of the second story are of seven diameters, which is the proportion that Vitruvius gives to the Tuscan order. The building is of freestone, and some of the blocks are of a prodigious size.

* The temple, including the portico, is 76 feet 11 inches long, and 38 feet 5 inches wide, and 38 feet 5 inches high; built with hard white stone; ornamented with thirty Corinthian columns, with attic bases.

The intercolumniation is two diameters. The columns attached to the body of the temple project two thirds of their circumference, and have one-third buried in the wall.

The

ous conjectures of M. Séguier, the temple is supposed to have been built in the reign of Augustus, and dedicated to his grandsons *Caius* and *Lucius*. Here are some restored ancient baths, and some specimens of ancient mosaïc pavements.

During my short stay here I introduced myself to the Marquis de Vaulonge. This nobleman had been an emigrant in England in the Revolution, and had supported himself by painting miniatures and fancy devices for a jeweller in Bond Street, of whose delicacy and liberality he spoke in terms of the highest commendation.

The entablature is about 9 feet 7 inches high. The temple stands on a square base of masonry about six feet high; and was probably built about the first year of the Christian æra, when Caius and Lucius Cæsar entered on their consulship with L. Æmilius Paulus, to whom the temple is supposed to have been dedicated; these were the sons of Agrippa, and the grandsons of Augustus, and were made consuls, one at fourteen, and the other at fifteen years of age.

According to Monsieur de Séguier the inscription would run thus:

C . CÆSARI . AVGVSTI . F . COS .
L . CÆSARI . AVGVSTI . F . COS .
DESIGNATO .
PRINCIPIBVS JVVENTVTIS .

He has also a taste for making cork models of ancient ruins, which he executes with considerable skill and fidelity. As I understood that he spoke English, I addressed him in my own language; upon which he replied in French, with great politeness, "I have forgotten my English, but it is impossible that I should ever forget England, where I received so much hospitality and kindness;" and immediately took down a print from the wall of the room where we were sitting, and said, "This is the house I lived in at Hampstead; I made the drawing at that time, and since I returned to France I had this print engraved from it, to remind me of the kindness and liberality of the English, for which, in common with so many of my countrymen, I have the deepest obligation."

PONT DU GARD.

This is the remains of an ancient aqueduct, about a mile from St. Gervasy à la Faux. It consists of three tiers of arches, which pass over the river Gard, and a ravine, through which it flows. It was originally built by the Romans to convey

water to Nismes from the springs of Euire and Airan. It is now a ruin, grand in itself, and, combined with the scenery on the rocky banks of the river, has a very striking effect. The surrounding country is not unlike the wildest parts of Cumberland and Northumberland, but bolder and more varied. The height of the aqueduct from the level of the river is 156 feet, and its length between the two mountains 870 feet. The span of the lowest arches is between 74 and 75 feet. There are these letters on one of the arches of the second tier, A. Æ. A., which have led to various conjectures, and among them, "Aquæductus Ælius Adrianus," is perhaps as good as any interpretation that has been given, which supposes the aqueduct to have been built by the Emperor Adrian.*

* The aqueduct or canal on the top of these three tiers of arches, a great part of which is still existing, is 4 ft. 3 in. wide, and 5 ft. 3½ in. high.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century there was a bridge for foot passengers scooped out of the pilasters, but now there is a bridge built against the aqueduct for carriages to pass, which was finished in 1747.

AVIGNON.

Pope Clement VI. was crowned at Avignon, June 16, 1342, and afterwards bought the city, with its appendages, from Joan, Queen of Naples, and paid for it, by remitting certain fees, which, he persuaded her majesty, she was indebted to the holy see. By the Revolution, in 1791, it became united to France.

The situation of this city is more beautiful than that of any other town I have seen in France.* From the highest part, where the cathedral stands, the Rhône appears, as three considerable rivers, taking their course in an extensive valley, among thick plantations of olive and other trees, and the horizon is varied by mountains at different distances, the characters of which are exceedingly beautiful and grand. The Pope's palace is now a barrack; there are the remains of two very large and well propor-

* The average temperature of Avignon, in the month of January, for five years, has been found to be 43°, and in the months of July and August, 76° of Fahrenheit. The average range of the barometer in the same time was an inch and a half.

tioned Gothic rooms, and a chapel, originally painted by some of the early Italian painters, but now so obliterated and defaced, that only heads and imperfect figures remain.* In these works may still be seen the artist's great fidelity to nature; and if they were painted by Simon Memmi, his talents merit the praise bestowed upon them by his contemporaries. If we could be certain of the portraits of Petrarch and Laura which he painted, we should require no better data to put a just value on the truth of their representation. Here are still very picturesque remains of the monastery of the Cordeliers, but the tomb of Laura was razed to the ground when the monastery was destroyed, and not a stone of it remains. The site is in a poor man's garden, which he has planted round with cypresses, well knowing how much association holds our reason in subjection.

* The Popes resided at Avignon from 1309 to 1376. This city, in the days of its greatest prosperity, is said to have had a population of 80,000, and the ruins of the bridge of St. Benezet, which probably once consisted of fifty arches, indicate its former state of affluence and importance. The census of the population of Avignon, taken in 1789, was 26,600.

In the Ambrosian library in Milan is a MS. Virgil, which belonged to Petrarch, with numerous marginal scholia, in his hand, and this memorandum respecting Laura.

" Laura, illustrious by her own virtues, and long celebrated by my verses, first appeared to my eyes, in the time of my early youth, on the morning of the 6th day of April, in the year of our Lord, 1327, in the church of St. Clare at Avignon; and in the same city, in the same month of April, on the same first hour of the morning, in the year of our Lord 1348, that light was removed from the light of day, while I by chance was at Verona, unconscious, alas! of my fate. The unhappy news, however, reached me at Parma, in a letter from my friend Ludovico, on the morning of the 19th of May.

" Her most chaste and fair body was buried in the evening of the day of her death, in the convent of the *Fratres Minores;* but her soul, as Seneca saith of the soul of Africanus, hath returned, I am persuaded, to the heaven from whence it came.

" I have felt a kind of bitter pleasure in writing the memorial of this mournful event, the rather in this place, which so often meets my eyes, to the end that I may consider there is nothing left which ought to delight me in this world, and that I may be reminded by the frequent sight of these words, and the due appreciation of this fleeting life, that my principal tie to the world being broken, it is time for me to flee from this Babylon; which, through the grace of God, will be an easy task, when I reflect deeply and manfully on the superfluous cares, the vain hopes, and the unlooked-for events of the time past."

In the year 1533 Laura's tomb was sought for in the church of the Frati Minori, by the learned antiquary, M. Mauritio Sceva, of Avignon, who discovered it; and in the inside, he found a leaden box fastened with copper wire, in which was this sonnet written on parchment, and a medal, with a very small female figure on one side, and these four letters round it, M. L. M. I. interpreted by M. Sceva to mean, *Madonna Laura morte jace*—" Laura's remains

lie here." The other side of the medal was plain.

PROSE TRANSLATION OF THE SONNET.

"Of her, that was most dear, deep in the earth, here rests her chaste remains.

"Hard and unfeeling stone, under thee lies buried, true honour, worth, and beauty, that is fled.

"Death has shaken, and torn up by the roots, before its time, the verdant Laurel; the reward of my passion for more than twenty years: now, my sad thoughts, shut up in this narrow grave, will stray no more.

"Happy fair, in Borgo,—born and died; and here, with her, the pen, the style, the ink, and all our thoughts are laid.

"O Nature's form divine!—O flaming torch, that still consumes and burns within me.—Let the whole world, on suppliant knees, devoutly pray for thee."*

* Quì riposan quei caste, et felici ossa
Di quell' alma gentile, e sola in terra,
Aspro, el dur sasso, hor ben teco hai sotterra,
El vero honor, la fama, et beltà scossa,

This sonnet purports to have been written by Petrarch himself; if so, the tomb must have been opened after Laura's interment, for Petrarch says in the quotation I have already made, that he was at Verona on the day of her death, and that she was buried in the evening of the day she died.

Upon the discovery of this tomb, Francis I., having occasion to go to Marseilles, went to Avignon to see it, and, with the true ardour of a chevalier, which was eminently a part of his character, he ordered a new tomb to be made of marble, and wrote this epitaph himself, to be engraved upon it:

Morte hà del verde Lauro svelta, et mossa
Fresca radice, e' il premio di mia guerra
Di gratteo lustri e più, s'ancor non erra
Mio pensier tristo, e'l chiude in poca forsa.
Felice pianta in Borgo d'Avignone,
Nacque, e morè: e qui con ella giace
La penna, e'l stil, l'inchiostro, e la ragione.
O' delicati membri, ò viva face
Ch'ancor mi cuoggi, e struggi, in ginocchione
Ciascun preghi il Signor t'acetti in pace.

En petit lieu compris vous pouvez voir,
Ce qui comprend beaucoup par renommee,
Plume, labeur, la langue, et le devoir
Furent vaincus par l'aymant de l'aymee.
O gentill' ame estant tant estemee
Qui le pourra louer, qu'en se taisant?
Car la parole est tousiours reprimee
Quand le subjet surmonte le disant.*

The cathedral at Avignon is an inconsiderable church, dignified only by its situation, which is on a rocky eminence, commanding a prospect of great variety and grandeur. It is supposed to be on the site of an ancient temple dedicated to Diana; the architecture is Gothic, of the worst style: here is an ill executed Gothic monument, or rather cenotaph, to Pope John XXII., and a mural monument to the *brave Crillon;* so styled by Henry IV., who well knew how to estimate the two noblest virtues of a soldier, valor and generosity.

* The king ordered Camelli and Alamanni, two eminent scholars of that time, each to write an eulogium upon Laura, one in Italian and the other in Latin, to be inscribed on her tomb with his own.

VAUCLUSE.

Independent of Petrarch's name, this narrow vale, and the fountain at the head of it, which he has so often celebrated, would be interesting to those who are pleased with striking peculiarities in nature. From a flat and uninteresting country, on a sudden you pass into the gorge of a barren rocky mountain, and, by a long winding road through a green glen, by the side of a rapid and beautifully transparent stream, you arrive at the fountain of Vaucluse, at the base of a rifted sandstone rock, lofty and precipitous, without a moss or weed of any kind to diversify the colour of its surface. Here, at the vernal equinox, gushes out a large volume of water, which, at the same time, rises up like a prodigious fountain, and dashes over irregular masses of stone, as it rolls on. When I saw this source, it was on the 29th of June, and instead of a fountain, there was only a dark cavern filled with stagnate water; but on the sides, at the bottom of the deep ravine, near to this source, were numerous torrents and ebullitions,

excessively transparent, issuing with great force, amongst the rocks, with infinite beauty and variety. The value of this clear water, with its curling eddies, and dashing foam, may perhaps be somewhat increased by the contrast of arid cliffs and naked barrenness which bound this fertile glen, where the river flows smoothly along, reflecting every object, and every varying light, as in a mirror. It is a wild and interesting scene; but poetic illusion is disturbed by the intrusion of miserable habitations, where poetry and civilized comfort are equally unknown.

Near to the fountain a literary society has erected a column to honour the memory of Petrarch, and whoever sees it, will wish for another society to take it down.

MARSEILLES

Is the third city in France for population; the modern part of it is well built, and well paved, and the Rue de la Canebière is the finest commercial street in France; the shops are handsome, and upon a greater scale than those of

Paris. The Port is large, and well adapted for all commercial purposes; but the accommodation for ship-building is not very ample; in the year 1821, two forty-four gun frigates were built here for the Dey of Tunis. The vessels that usually trade to this port are from a hundred and fifty to four or five hundred tons. Here is a considerable public library, but in it there are no rare books or MSS. Here is also a museum and a collection of pictures; among them is a portrait of the unfortunate Lord Strafford. Besides this collection, there are several pictures of the French school, in the council-chamber of the Hôtel-de-Ville, among which the most interesting is a portrait of Francis Xavier de Belzunce, the celebrated bishop of Marseilles, the memory of whose name is still dear to this city; who, after having been bishop for forty-five years, spent in acts of enviable benevolence, died June 14, 1755, at the age of eighty-four. About a mile out of the town is a botanic garden, and for three months in the spring there is a course of lectures on botany given by the professor, M. de Góuffe. The professor has also

the care of the garden, with a salary of somewhat less than a hundred a year. Here, as in the botanic garden of Montpellier, is a great want of water; the principal use of this garden, however, is for a public walk for the inhabitants of the town.

In Marseilles there is no vestige of Roman architecture; one gate only remains of the ancient city, now called *La Joliette*, which, Russi says, was the only gate spared by Julius Cæsar, or rather, according to Lucius Florus, by Brutus, when he subdued the inhabitants, and deprived them of every thing but their liberty, which, the historian adds, they valued above every thing.

TOULON.

Soon after leaving Beausset, the road is very grand, winding through mountainous rocks, with vineyards at their base, all the way to Toulon. This city does not stand upon much ground, for its population, which is estimated at twenty-eight thousand; the streets are all narrow, and no one of any marked superiority. The town

has a double range of high rocks at the back, and in front the basin and harbour are protected by sixteen forts; of which, a modern fort, called little Gibraltar, is the most important. This being the place where Bonaparté, in the year 1793, under General Dugommier, first distinguished himself, I was desirous to see the position he took. I found it, not upon the top of a rock, as is generally stated, but a little way up a hill, at the back of the town, by military men considered to be very judiciously chosen; but, neither the construction of the battery, nor the means of serving it, were attended with any particular difficulty; after the siege, it was destroyed, and there is not at this time the slightest remains of it. When Bonaparté obtained the sovereignty of France, and of Europe, with the exception of Great Britain, he erected an additional fort, which was called Fort Napoleon, now called Fort Royal.

The arsenal is very complete, but not on so large a scale as Portsmouth. In the rope-walk the yarn is twisted into a strand, according to Capt. Huddart's scientific invention; but his

machinery is wanting to twist the strands into a rope, and the ropes into a cable.*

VALANCE

Is beautifully situated on the Rhône. It was in the citadel of this town that Pius VI. was imprisoned, and where he died.†—A wretched habitation for a sovereign! his rooms are now tenanted by a tailor and a cobbler, and, in the front of the house, most of the windows are broken. In the cathedral, which is but an inconsiderable church, is a mural monument to him, with his bust, under which are these verses:

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* In this dock, in time of peace, there are about 3,000 artisans employed, besides convicts, which now (1822) amount to about 4,000. The oak timber for ship-building is brought principally from Dalmatia, and the deal for masts is obtained from Corsica. The expense of building a ship of the line, of 130 guns, is estimated at two millions of francs. The average wages of the workmen in the dock-yard, including every description of artisan, the convicts excepted, is between ten pence and eleven pence a day English. In this part of France, the agricultural wages are about 7½*d.* a day.

† Mr. Matthews makes a mistake, by saying, while he was at Vienne, "that here Pius VI., the late Pope, breathed his last."—*Diary*, vol. ii. p. 141.

SANCTA PII SEXTI REDEUNT PRÆCORDIA GALLIS.
ROMA TENET CORPUS; NOMEN UBIQUE SONAT.
OB. AUG. 29. A. D. 1799.

This inscription reminds the reader of a conceit placed under the vase which contained the heart of Voltaire.

Son esprit est partout
Et son cœur est ici.

Which has also been varied for Grêtry, the composer, who died Sept. 24, 1813.

Son génie est partout
Mais son cœur n'est qu' ici.

Novelty may give popularity to a conceit, but, when often repeated, its little worth is reduced to nothing.

VIENNE.

The most ancient city of Gallia Narbonensis, and the capital of Narbonensis Secunda, was the chief residence of Julius Cæsar when he was pursuing his conquests in Gaul. Before you enter the town, from Valance, the first object that attracts attention, is an ancient pyra-

midal structure, by Montfaucon, supposed to be an ancient tomb; but, of whom, or when erected, there is no record or history, and there is no inscription to supply this deficiency.* Vienne has a handsome cathedral, where, in the year 1311, the celebrated council was held to abolish the knights templars, and to seize upon their rich possessions. Here are several vestiges of Roman antiquity: one, of a rectangular temple of the Corinthian order, supposed to have been dedicated to Mars; the columns are fluted, and much barrelled, and the capitals are of inferior workmanship. Till the Revolution this building was used as a church. Here is also a triumphal arch to Augustus, very much mutilated; and the site, and some slight vestiges of an ancient theatre. The situation of the seats, and their termination at each end, are clearly to be traced in the garden of M. Bonnevet, who obligingly explained the remains, with

* The pyramid of this monument is thirty feet high, raised on an arched pedestal, supported by eight columns, two on each side. The height of the pedestal is twenty-four feet, and its width twenty. The masonry is of freestone, without cement.

the professional skill of an architect, and the knowledge of an antiquary.

LYONS.*

As you enter Lyons over the bridge de la Guillotière, two principal public buildings present themselves; the *Hôtel Dieu*, and the *Hospice de la Charité*. Not far from these buildings is the place Louis le Grand, the only large and handsome square in Lyons; in the centre of which, before the Revolution, was a bronze equestrian statue of Louis XIV., which is now being replaced by one of marble. Over the Saône there are seven bridges, all of wood, except one, which, in the year 1808, was built of stone by Bonaparté, and was called Pont de Tilsit.

In Lyons there are no remains of any ancient Roman architecture. The Emperor Claudius, who was born here, had a palace where there is

* This city remained in possession of the Romans as late as 472, when it was given to the Burgundians by the Emperor Anthemius, and became the metropolis of the new kingdom of Burgundy; in 534 it fell under the dominion of the Franks, in whose possession it remained till 870, when it passed into the hands of Conrad, king of the second kingdom of Arles and Burgundy.

at present the Hospice de l'Antiquaille. Trajan also built a forum on the Monte de Fourvière: and the church of Ainai is on the site of the once celebrated temple built to Augustus by sixty Gallic clans, commonly called nations, and where Caligula afterwards instituted oratorical games, to amuse himself by awarding ridiculous punishments to those who excelled in dulness and absurdity, for it does not appear that he instituted any prizes for excellence. From Juvenal we learn that these contests were regarded with serious apprehension, equal to the terror of treading on a serpent with the naked foot.

> The colour flies his cheek, as though he prest,
> With unsuspecting foot, a serpent's crest;
> Or stood prepared at Lyons to declaim,
> Where the least peril is the loss of fame.*

In many parts of Lyons several mosaïcs have been discovered, but by far the most interesting, is a representation of a Roman Circus, which made part of the pavement of a private house, not far from the place where this temple stood.

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* Palleat, vt nudis pressit qui calcibus anguem,
Aut Lugdunensem rhetor dicturus ad aram. Sat. i. ver. 43, 4.

It was discovered, February 18, 1806, somewhat mutilated, but has been since restored, and now makes a part of the floor of the cabinet of antiques in the Museum. This mosaïc, represents a chariot-race of eight quadrigæ, with the charioteers in the colours of their respective factions, red, white, green, and blue,* and the Prætor with the *mappa* in his hand: it is the only pictorial representation of this mode of racing that has come down to us.

PLACE DES TERREAUX.—This is at once the Place-de-Greve, and the Covent-Garden of Lyons. Here the Marquis de Cinq-Mars, and Augustus de Thou, the son of the celebrated historian, were beheaded in 1642; and, in the reign of terror, in 1793 and 1794, fifteen hundred persons were put to death in this Place. At one end of it is the *Hôtel-de-Ville*, built in 1655, by Simon Maupin, and, on one side, the Palais des Arts, built about the same time, after the designs of a M. de la Valfinière, of Avig-

* Domitian added two more colours to this number, so that here being only four, would indicate that this mosaïc was made before the reign of that Emperor.

non, but the façade was never entirely completed. In the interior of this building is a large quadrangle, with a surrounding arcade, under which are arranged numerous Roman monumental inscriptions, on mutilated altars and tablets, found at different times in Lyons. One side of this quadrangle is occupied by the Museum and the Picture Gallery, in one long handsome room; in the floor are inlaid three ancient mosaïcs, of which, the Circus, with the chariot-race, already mentioned, is one; the other two are curious, but of very inferior workmanship; the subjects of these are supposed to represent a contest between Pan and Cupid. In this gallery are many good pictures by David Teniers, Ludovico Carracci, Spagnoletto, Pietro Perugino, and others; and, in the Museum, are many valuable fragments of sculpture in bronze; but the most interesting part of this collection are the bronze tables containing the speech of the Emperor Claudius, in behalf of the Gauls, to admit them into the Roman Senate; these tables were found in the Rhône, near to Avignon, 1528. The speech which Tacitus has thought proper

to give to Claudius upon this occasion, when compared with these tables, will shew that the emperor's reputation as an orator, although praised by Tacitus, would have suffered nothing, if the tables had never been found. To compare this speech with that of the historian, and such an historian as Tacitus, is a pleasure that has been rarely afforded to the lovers of literature.

The cathedral of Lyons has but few attractions, except a clock, celebrated from 1598, when it was first made, down to the present time; and is a curious exhibition of puerile ingenuity. It is a pile of mechanism, presenting, in its general form, an irregular tower, part square, and part octagonal, terminated by two small cupolas; the uppermost, surmounted with a cock, which is made to crow every hour when the clock gives warning to strike; then succeeds a dramatic exhibition of the Annunciation, of which this is the account affixed against the clock itself.

"Premièrement le Coq, qui termine le Dôme, à chaque heure bat les âiles, et *haussent* le col, à la façon des Coqs naturels, chant pour avertir

que l'heure va sonner. Aussitôt après, les Anges, qui sont dans le frise du Dôme, sonnent les cloches avec un accord si juste, qu'ils émitent le chant de l'église sur l'hymne de St. J. Baptiste. UT QUEANT SAXIS.

"Pendant cet agréable musique, un Ange ouvre la porte d'une chambre, dans laquelle il trouve Nôtre Dame. Il la salue; elle se tourne de son coté, et d'abord le lambris de cette chambre s'entrouvrant, le St. Esprit descend sur elle, et le Père Eternel, que l'on voit dans le ciel, ayant lui donné sa bénédiction pour trois fois, pour signifier qu'après le consentement de Nôtre Dame le mystère est accompli; le St. Esprit retourne au ciel, le lambris se rejoint; l'Ange s'en va; et le carillon étant finé, l'heure sonne."

In addition to this ridiculous pantomime, there is a wooden angel flourishing a *bâton*, to denote its approbation of the performance. Of the value of the mechanical powers which are here displayed I am ignorant; but, of the religious instruction meant to be conveyed, our Reformation makes us now look back to such a profane and ludicrous contrivance with amazement.

The façade of the schools which join to the cathedral is a good example of the state of architecture in the age of Charlemagne, when justness of proportion and beauty of form were wholly lost, and a barbarous mode of building succeeded, which barely shews its origin by its wide departure from it.

The archbishop's palace is near to the cathedral; in it there is a suite of rooms, with a good library belonging to the king, never occupied, except when the princes of the royal family visit Lyons. The archiepiscopal apartments are out of repair, and wholly neglected; all the books in the library consist of twenty-two volumes in folio, of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, and some odd volumes of choral music.

The botanic garden is within the city, on the site of an ancient Roman theatre; its principal use is for a public walk; and where the Conservatory ought to have been, is a very pleasantly situated *café*.

In the year 1793, Lyons was a city of royalists, and nothing is more extraordinary to one unacquainted with military affairs, than to ima-

gine the possibility of its defence for two months against an army of an hundred thousand men, without the protection of any thing that deserves the name of a fortification. This city and Saragossa are examples which illustrate the truth of an answer, said to have been given by a soldier of antiquity, when he was reminded that his city was not fortified: "you deceive yourself, it is fortified by the courage and devotion of the inhabitants." The modern governments of Europe have not the same reliance on this patriotic principle.

Anciently there was a canal which united the Saône and the Rhône, passing through the *Place des Terreaux*, and the site of the Hôtel-de-Ville. When a survey is made of the different, and distant situations of ancient buildings, the palace of the Emperor Claudius, the theatre, temples, and magnificent private houses, it would seem that the *Lugdunum* of the Romans was not less extensive than Lyons is at present.

Miscellaneous.

POSTING IN FRANCE.

Throughout France the great high roads are made and kept in repair by the Government, without any toll chargeable on the public.

The Postmaster is appointed by the Government, and all the postillions are likewise its servants, as well as servants of the Postmaster.

Every Postmaster is obliged to keep a certain number of horses, agreeably to the supposed average demand of the road; he must supply every demand, as expeditiously as the circumstances will allow, and, if he does not exceed an hour, he is not exposed to censure for delay.

The postillion is obliged to drive one post an hour, and he can legally demand 15 sous, or 7½*d.* a post for driving, though he be ever so insolent.

He who arrives first at the post-house is entitled to be first served, and no carriage with post-horses is permitted to pass another carriage, with post-horses, on the road.

According to the size and description of the carriage, and the hills on the road, the Government regulates the number of horses to be taken for each post, and fixes the price; and a book is annually published, intitled, "Etat Général des Postes du royaume de France," which gives all the information that can be required to travel post throughout the kingdom.

This legislative arrangement, which is made to accommodate

the public, has many great inconveniences, which, to point out, may not be uninteresting. As the Government makes the highways, and keeps them in repair, there are but few great roads that can be travelled by post. In the heart of France there are upwards of thirty thousand square miles lying together, where no post-horses can be obtained; and, in this extent, there are no less than seven chief cities or towns of departments; Tulle, Le Puy, Aurillac, Privas, Mende, Rhodez, and Alby; to which you can only go on horseback, or by Voiturin.

At first, it might be supposed to be but a slight evil to travel by Voiturin, when you cannot proceed with post-horses, but that this may be better understood, I will state a case.

Being at Toulon, I wish to go to Grenoble. The shortest and most direct way is, to go to Brignolles, Digne, and then to Gap. From Toulon you may travel to Brignolles with post-horses, but here there are no post-horses to proceed to Digne and Gap; a distance of more than an hundred miles. The Voiturier, at Brignolles, knowing the situation in which you are placed, makes a much larger demand than the expense of posting the same distance, added to which, he will take five days to perform a journey, which, by posting, could be made in twenty-four hours.*

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* The demand of the Voiturier to go from Brignolles to Gap was 45 francs a day, for five days, making 225 francs, or 9*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* Post-horses, for 22 and ¾ posts, which is the distance, would be 102 francs 8 sous, or 4*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.*, consequently there would be a loss in travelling by Voiturier of 5*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.*, besides the loss of

If posting were open to competition, as in England, and the roads made and repaired by tolls or rates, there is no reason to suppose that the public would not be as well served; and from increased travelling, which would be the consequence of increased facilities, the revenue would be augmented by an increased post-horse duty.

The government regulation of not permitting one set of post-horses to pass others on the road, has this inconvenience: he who wishes to travel expeditiously has no power to do so, if the person immediately before him should choose to travel slowly, or should refuse to fee the post-boy beyond the government tarif, which is 15 sous, when he expects forty at least, and does not think himself liberally paid unless you give him fifty. In this case, he may refuse to drive at the rate of more than one post an hour, which is slower than a hackney-coachman may be compelled to drive in the streets of London. To be extricated from this difficulty, there is but one slight chance, and that at a considerable expense, which is by despatching an *avant-courier* to bespeak horses; but this contrivance will avail nothing, if there should be sufficient horses at the post-house for both carriages; then,

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time, and extra expenses for wretched accommodation on the road. Gap is the chief town of the department; and, if any one wished to go to Gap from Draguignan, which is the chief town in the department, where Brignolles is situated, he would still be in a more helpless situation. I have not calculated the money *pour boire* to the Voiturier, nor to the post-boys, as the difference between them is not important to this exposition.

the slow carriage, necessarily arriving first, will be first despatched, and he who is behind, must continue to be so to the end of his journey, be that journey ever so long.

As there is only one person in a town authorized to let out post-horses, if all his horses should be on the road, or employed in agriculture at a distance from the post-house, you must wait in the street, or the stable-yard, one, two, or three hours, until the horses can be obtained. In an advanced state of society all monopolies are injurious to the public, however they may add to the patronage of Government. Competition awakens ingenuity, and stimulates industry.

There is one point in which travelling in France is supposed to have a greater advantage than travelling in England; and that is, from there being no turnpikes in France: the Government, however, has contrived a very ample set-off to this advantage. First, by the paucity of post-roads; and secondly, by giving post-boys so much power, that if the traveller wishes to make any progress on the road, he must pay him nearly, and oftentimes, quite as much as we pay for turnpikes and post-boys together.*

* In England, a postillion, for any distance exceeding ten miles, is very sufficiently paid at the rate of 3*d.* a mile, and the turnpikes may be averaged throughout the kingdom at 2*d.* a mile, though, within fifty miles of London, they do not average more than 1½*d.* a mile, for a chaise and pair; consequently, for a stage of twelve miles, the expense of postillion and turnpikes may be put at 5*s.* Twelve English miles, as nearly as can be estimated, are somewhat more than two French posts and a half. To travel at the rate of

The exclusive privilege of letting out post-horses has these disadvantages; the horses and the harness are both supplied at the lowest expense and quality, and as he who has the monopoly can have no competition, he is not very mindful of obliging those whom it is his duty to serve. As the Post-master rarely keeps an inn, the inns in small towns are miserable; which, if the posting were added to an innkeeper's ordinary profits, the public might have a better chance of being accommodated with a tolerable inn in every town.

Travelling in France is not at all improved; the same want of accommodation and want of cleanliness still prevail, and make a striking contrast to travelling in England, where you

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six miles and a half an hour, you must pay the postillion 40 sous a post, and 5 sous *pour boire;* and, if you wish to travel faster, you will be expected to give 45 sous, with the additional *sous*, for the same good reason. The sum, therefore, of 45 sous a post, would be for twelve miles, or two posts and a half, 4*s.* 8*d.*, and, at the rate of 50 sous a post, would be 5*s.* 2½*d.* In addition to this expense, should be added, the occasional *Refraichissement des chevaux*, and *les Postes Royales.*

The extent of a French post it is not possible to know with accuracy. A post may often be considered as a measure of time rather than of distance. The only accurate calculation that I was able to make, was from St. Torij to Toulouse, which, in the *Livre de Poste*, is two posts and a quarter, and I found this distance to be ten miles and a half, and sixty-six feet, of English measure, which makes the post to be four miles and a half, and 608 feet. This distance is on even ground.

can in no situation be more than fifteen or twenty miles from a comfortable inn. Here, on the main road, through the centre of the kingdom, you may travel an hundred miles to arrive at a decent public house; which, however wretched, is always dignified with the name of an hôtel. From Tours to Limoges, which is a distance of more than one hundred and twenty miles, the very best inn is the *Hôtel de poste* at Chateauroux, which would gain by a comparison with a hedge ale-house in England. Neither, in my experience, have I found the inns in the small towns in Italy to deserve higher commendation; and as for cookery, it is an art beneath their attention, or above their capacity; yet Mr. Matthews says, "The inns in Italy are generally better than those of an equal class in England." When I read this passage I paused, with a conviction that I misunderstood the author; but in the next sentence, finding that he had a contempt for a good English beef-steak, I was relieved. He reminds me of the domestic philosophy of a gentleman I once met, who in the course of conversation after an excellent dinner, enjoying his wine in the full contentment of his heart, said, "Well, when the worst comes to the worst, a man may do with a good rump-steak and a bottle of port, and a bit of fish would do no harm." I must confess, that in all my travels in Italy, from Domo d'Ossola to Reggio, I never met in an Italian house any cookery half so good as this last refuge for the destitute.

The small towns in France, and particularly in the South, are in a state of decay, where no convenience is attended to, and no repairs attempted, to stay further dilapidation; each

inhabitant seems as if he considered himself the last of his generation, without a hope or kind wish for any that might come after him.

From the number of beggars that surround the post-houses in France, and who generally personify the most abject wretchedness, it is reasonable to conclude that there is no legislative provision for them; but, upon inquiry, that is not the case, there are very ample funds for their support; that they are always well administered, I am not able to say. The objects that intrude upon the public, are expressly selected by those who have the care of their maintenance, in order to excite the commiseration of travellers; and as the English travel in greater numbers, and are supposed to be richer and more easily imposed upon than other nations, the beggars on the road between Calais and Paris are infinitely more numerous than from Paris on any part of the road to Toulouse, or from Toulouse to Marseilles, or from Marseilles to Lyons. At Tours, the poor are sent out of the workhouses twice a week, by the *Intendant*, that they may have air and exercise, and get their living at the same time.

VOLTAIRE'S HOUSE
at Ferney.

FERNEY.

HERE Voltaire lived for the last twenty-three years of his life, and two of his old servants yet remain to praise his general hospitality and his particular kindness to them. The ground is laid out in varied walks, like an English pleasure-ground, very ample, and well planted. From the terrace in the front of the house, the Lake of Geneva is seen at the distance of three or four miles, and beyond, Mont-Blanc, with other hills, making a very grand termination to the view. This situation, which is delightful, has nevertheless one great abatement, the total want of water, which, for every domestic purpose is brought three miles. Summer-seats and bowers, where Voltaire used to sit and write, and even his little theatre, time has swept away. A long avenue, between two high hornbeam hedges, where he walked for hours together, and dictated to an amanuensis, and a large elm-tree, planted with his own hand, are the only memorials that remain. As these pleasure-grounds were formed and planted by himself, it

is remarkable that there is not, nor ever was, a single bust, or column, or inscription, dedicated either to friendship or to genius.

In the house, the hall and his bed-room are now shewn in the same state as they were left at his death. The hall is a small room, hung with a collection of exceedingly bad pictures, one excepted, which is better than the rest. In his bed-room is the bed he slept upon, and the hangings of the canopy reduced to fragments, from the same feeling that Dr. Burney once told me, prompted an admirer of Johnson to take a bristle out of his hearth-brush; for which compliment Johnson afterwards sent him a copy of his Lives of the Poets. On the walls are hung the portraits of the Marquise du Chatelet, the King of Prussia, and his own, when they were both young men, and a profile portrait of the Empress Catherine, worked in silk with her own hand, and by her presented to Voltaire; but the post of honour, under the canopy of his bed, is given to a portrait of the celebrated actor, Lekain. On the opposite wall there are two groups of engraved portraits of distinguished

men, principally of his own time, and a print representing the family of Calas—dreadful story! These prints are all of the commonest quality, and appear to have been taken out of magazines; framed with parsimony, and hung up without order. In a niche in this room, he erected a kind of monument, to contain his heart after his decease; and agreeably to his wish, his heart was sent from Paris, where he died, to Ferney, and deposited in a vase in this monument. Over the recess where the monument is placed, is this inscription:

Mes manes sont consolés
Puisque mon cœur
Est au milieu de vous.

The man who first made the dead speak to the living was applauded, not for sense but for novelty. I have therefore always thought Gay's epitaph in Westminster Abbey in bad taste. But in this instance we have the additional bad taste of the application of the principal word in the inscription in two meanings, which at once destroys both its sense and solemnity.

Under the vase which contained the heart is written,

Son esprit est par tout
Et son cœur est ici.

From the furniture and decorations of these two rooms, it would seem that Voltaire had no taste for painting or sculpture, and was unmindful of furniture or decoration. Near to the house he built a church, with this inscription over the entrance, DEO EREXIT VOLTAIRE MDCCLXI. The motive for building this church appears to have been to erect a mausoleum for himself. In the wall on one side of it is a pyramid designed for that purpose; but as he died in Paris, that intention was not carried into effect. Of

VOLTAIRE'S CHURCH
at Ferney.

this church, Voltaire used sarcastically to observe, that it was the only one ever built by a Catholic, and dedicated to God. This I believe to be true, but it is a sorry example of his taste in architecture; and mean as it is, he never finished it, although he lived seventeen years after his ostentatious dedication.

Of the works of this celebrated author there are ninety volumes before the public. With some critics he is equal to Horace among the ancients, and more universal, *qui nil molitur inepte*; and in France, equal to Racine, excelling all other French poets; by other critics, he is wholly estimated by his religious opinions. It must not, however, be forgotten, that this extraordinary man, by the single effort of his expansive genius, astonished and delighted the civilized world for more than half a century, in the most splendid era of French literature.

Horne Tooke once told me that he placed Dryden before every other English author, from his varied and extensive powers. Other men, he said, had surpassed him in different styles of composition, but such universal excellence was

more uncommon than transcendent powers concentred to a focus in any one branch of literature. If this be sound criticism, Voltaire must take the first rank in France; but, however rare such a combination of talents may be, yet aftertime confers its meed on those only who have added to the common stock; and not to prodigies, whose powers reflect more lustre on themselves than on posterity. Bernini built an opera-house, decorated it with statues, painted the scenes, wrote the opera, and composed the music for the first night's performance; and his group of Apollo and Daphne was executed when he was only eighteen years of age; yet the world has long placed him where his works stand, and no longer regard the fertility or precocity of his genius.

At Copet I wished to have seen the monument of Madame de Staël, whom I once knew,*

* In a conversation I once had with Madame de Staël, I mentioned Lord Byron, and, upon my saying, that there was a certain strain of melancholy in his poetry; she answered, "No, not melancholy, it is gloom." I mention this to shew her critical feeling of the English language.

but her mausoleum is inclosed within four high walls, and not accessible to strangers. This exclusion is not common out of England. In Cumberland the genius of tribute-money has invented a means to lock up a waterfall.

LAUSANNE.

Here the attractions of the greatest interest to an Englishman, are the Library, and the *berceau* of Gibbon. The library is shut up in an uninhabited house, and I was not fortunate enough to see it. His mansion, as he tells us himself, "was spacious and convenient, connected on the north side with the city," (that is, in a narrow street,) "and open to the south to a beautiful and boundless horizon. A pleasure-ground of four acres was laid out by the taste of M. Deyverdun; from the garden, a rich scenery of meadows and vineyards descends to the Leman lake, and the prospect far beyond the lake crowned by the stupendous mountains of Savoy." The house and grounds are now occupied by a rich banker, but there is no appearance that his riches, since Gibbon's death,

have been bestowed upon either. Nature has preserved the terrace, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains; but the summer-house at the end of it, where he composed the last page of his history, is now a forlorn room, the repository of broken earthenware, and fragments of worthless refuse. Here Gibbon finished his history on the night of the 27th of June, 1787, when a sober melancholy spread over his mind, that, whatever might be the future fate of his history, the life of the historian was short and precarious. The present state of neglect and decay of his favourite retreat, overcasts the mind with the same sobriety of thought.

TOUR ROUND MONT BLANC.

To those who visit Switzerland in pursuit of picturesque scenery, the valley of Chamouni, and the Mer-de-glace, are among their first objects of curiosity and interest. I left Geneva, with Mr. Howard, at four o'clock in the morning of the 2d of August, and arrived at Sallanche

at four o'clock in the afternoon, just time enough to look at the country before the close of the day. The road is particularly beautiful from Cluse to Sallanche. There are several small cascades on the way, common to every part of Switzerland,* which descend from a considerable height, so that the water is often dissipated into sheets of vapor, before it reaches the bottom. The river Arve is very rapid, and of a light lead colour. From a little hill, behind the inn, at Sallanche, the valley and the opposite mountains are seen to great advantage, and in Switzerland, there are few scenes more beautiful.

Near to Servoz is a stone monument to an unfortunate young man, who fell into a fissure of ice, called a *crevasse*, in the glacier of Buet, Aug. 6th, 1801; and a monumental stone was raised to his memory, Sept. 7th, 1802, by M. d'Eymar, the Prefect of the French Republic under Bonaparté, Cambaceres, and Le Brun. Upon the stone are three inscriptions: the first re-

* I mean mountainous Switzerland; for, of the twenty-two Cantons, more than a third part is a champagne country.

cords his death, and the recovery of his body by four persons, whose names are mentioned, and his interment, under the monument. The second, is an encomium on the liberality of the French Republic; the third contains admonition and advice; and, as I agree with the Prefect, it is printed here to second his views.

"TRAVELLER,

"A robust and prudent guide is necessary; "keep near to him, and be obedient to his ad- "vice and his experience. The places which "nature has sealed with her majesty and power, "you must visit with a mixed sensation of cau- "tion and fear."

The *Mer-de-glace* at first sight greatly disappoints expectation. This exhibition of accumulated ice is usually described as resembling a stormy sea, frozen in the moment of its greatest agitation, with turrets of foam, and high pinnacles of transparent ice, shining with prismatic splendour. Instead of this imaginary brilliancy and grandeur, this Glacier appears,

on first seeing it from Montanvert, as a large, dirty mere of snow, cracked and irregular in its surface, with a broad road in the middle, as dirty as a street. On a nearer view, when you descend upon the Glacier itself, this impression is in part removed, the crevasses are more considerable than they at first appeared, and the irregularities and inequalities on the surface have a higher projection, but the dirty colour remains. Swiss writers have all combined to magnify these wonders of their country, because they are peculiar to it; and the English, who like wonders well enough, and like still less to be disappointed, have sanctioned these pictures of the imagination.

The scenery, looking from Montanvert, is without repose, as is generally the case with Swiss scenery: the mountains are close upon you, and terminate in naked perpendicular rocks, with sharp points and edges; but, the clouds, which are constantly passing, occasionally veil them with partial obscurity, and vary their appearance. The valley of Chamouni, and Montanvert, were first noticed by two English

gentlemen, Messrs. Pococke* and Windham, in the year 1741, as places of interest to a tourist; and, soon afterwards, a Mr. Blair built a kind of cottage, which is now a ruin. Before this time, even Mont Blanc itself had not attracted particular notice.

From Chamouni to Martigny, we took the road by the *Tête-noir*, a road of very wild scenery, which I was glad to see, and glad to leave. After passing the Forclas, the first view of the Valais is strikingly beautiful.

From Martigny to the Hospice of Mont St. Bernard, is about twenty English miles; the road is interesting, from the recollection, that General Mélas, with 60,000 troops, passed it with his artillery, to meet the Austrians in the plains of Lombardy, previous to the battle of Marengo. From Martigny to the village of Liddes, a carriage may go without inconvenience; but, from Liddes to the Hospice, it is rough and stony, and only fit for the slow pace, and sure foot of a mule. When the French army

* Richard Pococke, born 1704. Successively archdeacon of Dublin, and bishop of Ossory and Meath, died 1765.

passed, the cannon were dismounted, and placed in hollowed trunks of trees, and dragged up the hill by bullocks, and all the animal strength that could be put into requisition. After this time, Bonapartê intended to make a road over Mont St. Bernard, of what he called the third class, and the plans were made before he was deposed.

This Hospice was founded by St. Bernard, about the year 1008, for a society or fraternity of Chanoines of the order of St. Augustin, to which order he himself belonged. The present building, which is modern, has no pretensions to architecture, and has the appearance of a barrack, with a gallery about 130 feet long, communicating with bed-rooms on each side. The refectory is a comfortable room, hung with portraits, and furnished with a few books; here strangers are permitted to dine, if there are no ladies of the party. Monks and friars, who have a religious horror of ladies, found it somewhat difficult in this case, to exercise the rights of hospitality, and exclude them; thus, in common with all who lay down foolish rules, and

make absurd laws, which clash with common sense, they have devised a notable expedient to meet the difficulty. A slight, open, iron gate is made to cross the middle of the gallery; one side of which is voted not to be a part of the monastery, and a supplementary dining-room is added, to avoid the sin of ladies dining in the Refectory.

Here is a small lake; on one side of it is a boundary-stone, which separates the Canton de Valais from Savoy, and the site of an ancient temple to Jupiter Pœninus. In the Hospice are preserved a considerable collection of medals, and small bronze figures, and votive offerings found amongst the ruins and rubbish of this temple, and several are of exceedingly good workmanship.

In the chapel, the only thing of any interest is Desaix's monument, who, like Wolfe and Picton, died in the lap of honor on the field of battle. It is a bas-relief, on a Greek sarcophagus. The subject, represents the general, supported in death by a brother officer, with his horse led by a soldier; and, on two pilasters, which sup-

port an entablature, are two small whole length emblematical figures of the Nile and the Pô, to indicate the beginning and the end of Desaix's military career; having first distinguished himself in Ægypt, and fell at the battle of Marengo.

To the Citta d'Aosta the road is on a descent almost all the way, and, from the village of Etroubles, is sufficiently good for a carriage. Aosta was anciently enclosed within four straight walls, making a square, with a gate in the centre of each, like the fortification of a Roman camp. It is a considerable town, but it occupies only a small portion of its original area, which is now planted with vines. Here are very considerable remains of antiquity; an entrance gateway into the town very much mutilated, originally of the Corinthian order; a triumphal arch, with Corinthian columns, and a Doric entablature; one arch of an ancient bridge; an amphitheatre; the walls of a building, vulgarly called the Prætor's house, &c. In the choir of the cathedral are two ancient mosaïc pavements, one of them probably taken from an ancient Roman temple, the subject of

which is not very intelligible, but it is not Christian; the other seems to have been made in an early age of Christianity. The subject is a whole length figure of Christ, as large as nature, in the middle of a circle, holding in his hands emblems of sovereignty, surrounded with eleven heads, representing the Apostles, and a head of Janus, probably meant to represent Judas. From Aosta to Cormajor, is a journey of between seven and eight hours, through a beautiful valley. Cormajor is a small town, romantically situated; and, at the distance of half a mile from it is a warm bath, much frequented by the Piedmontese; its temperature is 63½° of Fahrenheit. Although this is a watering-place of some note, the accommodations are destitute of any refinement; yet, bad as they are, they are princely in comparison to those to be met with for the rest of the way to Sallanche.

After leaving Cormajor, you pass with careful steps through a stony and dreary valley, called Allée-blanche; there we saw nine chamois in a herd; an incident not without its interest, though I had no repentant feeling for want of a gun; animal life always imparts a charm to

THE CHÂLET.

wild and uncultivated barrenness; sterility may have savage grandeur, but, if the mind be cultivated, the enjoyment is short. Towards the head of this valley is a small lake, called the lake *Comba.* This wild spot is said to have been once dignified with a battle, from which its present name is derived. Our object being to have a complete knowledge of this mountain scenery, we proceeded along unfrequented tracks to the Valley de Glacier, where we were glad to take up our quarters for the night, at a miserable cottage, called a Châlet, inhabited only for a part of the year by peasants, who are sent from the valleys to tend the cattle depastured on the hills during the summer months, where any vegetation can be found.

This miserable cottage, of which, the annexed print is an accurate representation, is the only place where there is the slightest chance of shelter from the storm, in regions of thick mists, or rain, or sleet. This is called THE CHALET *par excellence;* looking at the print, the door to the right was our bed-room door, the chamber may be imagined; and it rained upon us through

the roof all night. We left this asylum at five o'clock in the morning, not without being made acquainted, that however low these wretched people estimated the comforts of life, they set a high price on their hospitality. We passed the *Col des Fours*, and with all the assistance that could be obtained from guides, we found our way with great difficulty; and, at one time, it was thought that we should be obliged to abandon our baggage, and leave the mules to break their necks among precipices and trackless rocks. After twelve hours wandering and fatigue, we reached Sallanche at five o'clock in the afternoon. Here we discharged our guide and mules, and returned to Geneva in a carriage the next day.

A tour round Mont Blanc may gratify the mind, as to rocks and mountains, though it often happens, to arrive at the top of one crag, after some hours of toil, another still higher has made the effort fruitless, and in elevated situations, clouds, or sleet, or snow, often shew how easily this little ambition may be defeated; and, at best, nature is seen to no advantage;

all that surrounds you is dreary and cheerless; nothing assimilates with thought, but the desire to descend with safety. Amongst these inhospitable mountains, when a fire is kindled, civilization has made its greatest effort; a shattered roof serves the office of a chimney, and a square hole in the wall, at once lets in the light, and the drifting rain and sleet. Under it, the table on which the scanty meal is prepared, and off which it is eaten, has a deep trench cut round it, that the middle may be dry. If you have light, you must have the storm, and the choice is rather the effect of instinct than of reason. Here, life is spent to contend and struggle with the means of existence.

The mountains, glaciers, and waterfalls of Switzerland, have interested foreigners from the middle of the last century, when making picturesque tours first began to be a summer's amusement; and for beauty and sublimity have obtained the credit of surpassing all others in Europe. That they are peculiar, and often grand, is certain; but the grandeur of Swiss mountains chiefly depends upon lofty precipices and fear-

ful declivities, and on close views; admirably adapted to the pencil of Salvator Rosa, and Gaspar Poussin. Their general form and outline are not to be compared with the Appennines, and in aërial effect are wholly destitute of that cærulean tint which the Italian mountains possess.

The Swiss valleys are generally confined, and highly cultivated; but this cultivation, which is often in small rectangular patches, is a diminution of their natural character. The valley of Unterscen, between the lakes Thun and Brienze, and the valley of Sallanche and St. Gervais, are beautiful close scenes, and good retreats from the world.

Waterfalls are countless; but the fall of the Rhein at Schaffhausen, so obliterates them all, that by comparison, they become of small account. The rivers, or rather torrents, which abound in Switzerland, and are everywhere dashing against large rocks and huge masses of stone, make a great addition to the wild scenery through which they pass; and they would be without abatement if the water were clear.

There is no river originating in Switzerland, as far as I observed, which is at all clear or transparent, until long after it leaves the mountain streams, which contribute to it. Mr. Matthews says, the Arr is clear at Bern; whilst I was there I was very ill, and this fact escaped my notice. The water is generally of an opaque and dirty lead colour, and sometimes much darker; occasioned by a lead-coloured sand, which, from the extreme rapidity of the current, is carried with it in large portions.

Of glaciers, there are calculated to be four hundred in forty square miles; but the glacier of the Rhône is by far the best of all these icy exhibitions.

Objects of particular interest in Switzerland are, the slip of the mountain called Rossberg, which happened September the 2d, 1806; the fall of the Rhein of Schafthausen; and the road over the Simplon; and, for a general panoramic view, the top of the Rigi is unexceptionably the best.*

* What the view from the summit of Mont Blanc may be, I am ignorant, and am not at all ambitious to know from experience. The

The effect produced by the slip of the Rossberg, now remains a tremendous waste of enormous fragments, scattered in disorderly heaps in the valley of Rœthen. Previous to this event, there had been excessive rain for several days. The first alarm excited in the neighbourhood was in the afternoon of the 2d of September, when a rushing noise proceeded from the mountain, followed by an inconsiderable stream of water; afterwards issued a second stream, and then a third; and then the mountain gave way, with such a tremendous crash, that a person at Luzern told me he heard it there. Immense masses of stone first rolled down into the valley, and with such an increased momentum, that many crossed it, and ascended the rising ground on the opposite side; after the top had rolled off, the underneath part slid into the valley, and filled it up to the height of forty feet, making nearly an equal surface for a considerable space,

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The Sicilian Strabo is said to have seen distinctly 130 miles; but, as I have no such sight, when I am upon an eminence, that presents an expanse beyond my vision, it is of little importance to be told that geographically I might see further.

surrounded with irregular eminences of huge and massive fragments. Dr. Zay, of Art, who gave a particular account of this calamity, states, that a hundred and two houses were overwhelmed, and 319 persons lost their lives within his own knowledge, and the whole number, he supposes, to be about 400. The mountain fell a little after five o'clock in the afternoon, and as nearly as could be calculated, the whole destruction was completed in about four minutes. The mountain was altogether composed of what in England is called pudding-stone; of this sort of stone there is a considerable chain of mountains in Switzerland, and the Rigi, at some future time, will probably exhibit a still more awful desolation.

The fall of the Rhein, at first perhaps, disappoints expectation, from its want of height. There are two situations to see this waterfall, both presenting very different views, and each perfect in its kind; the first is from a summer-house, presenting a bird's eye view of the cascade, and of the river both above and below it. The water

of the Rhein is beautifully clear, of a deep blue-green cast, and this view presents such an endless variety of eddies, sparkling with transparent clearness, and so diversified with dashing foam, that it is quite impossible to imagine any thing of the kind more beautiful; and the longer the attention is fixed upon it, the more this feeling is confirmed. When you descend, so as to have a front view of the fall, the stupendous rush of water exhibits the greatest possible display of white foam, with all the variety of which it is capable. Here the cataract has its most imposing grandeur, and is generally most admired; but, I am rather disposed to prefer the bird's eye view, for its infinite variety. The rocks in the middle of the river are of a beautiful colour, diversified with herbage, and break the width of the river to great advantage, as the body of water, though considerable, still wants this help. At the bottom of the fall, the Rhein makes a natural basin, which adds to the effect. The whole is a magnificent exhibition, and so far surpasses all other waterfalls in

Switzerland, that it quite blots them out of the memory, although its height is by no means considerable.

Bonaparté's road over the Simplon does him more credit than any other act of his despotic reign that I am acquainted with; but, if the actions of men are to be estimated by motives, those who penetrate more deeply may not be of the same opinion. Whatever praise may be his due, that of M. Céard, the engineer, cannot be diminished; and, his skill in subduing natural impediments, will remain a lasting example to those who in similar undertakings have to contend with the same difficulties.

The pass, which was before dangerous for mules, is now commodious for carriages of every description, surmounting a perpendicular height of 6,500 feet by a gradual ascent, for the greatest part, of one inch to a yard, and of not more than three inches and a half to a yard, where the road is steepest. In the whole extent there are twenty-two bridges over deep ravines and chasms, and six considerable excavations through solid rock. Besides these works, there

are several others, to prevent the destruction of the road by avalanches of snow, and sudden torrents. The excavations through the rock, which are called galleries, are from eighteen to twenty feet wide, and the average width of the whole road is about twenty-two feet.

At certain distances there are post-houses, and houses of refuge, to protect travellers in the tempestuous weather of winter, and, for the military, casernes are not forgotten.

Miscellaneous.

In Geneva, in the Rue Jean Jaques Rousseau, No. 69, there is this inscription, on a small square marble tablet, let into the wall of a very mean-looking house:

"ICI EST NÉ JEAN JAQUES ROUSSEAU LE XXVIII. JUIN M.DCCXII."

Tin is generally employed in Geneva, for all those purposes in buildings, both public and private, for which in England, we use lead.

This town has a considerable trade in gold chains and trinkets, and the purity of the gold in the minutest article is very superior to the gold employed in similar articles manufactured in England. This fact merits particular attention.

The English standard of gold is, dividing a given weight, as of a lb. or an oz. into twenty-four parts, twenty-two of those parts are of pure gold, and of the two remaining parts, one is of silver, and one of copper; and the mint price is 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* In England, the *very finest* gold that is manufactured into chains, not assayed and stamped, is what the jewellers call eighteen carat gold, i. e., three parts gold, and a fourth part of allay; but seals and trinkets in general, are so grossly allayed, that the stint altogether depends upon the conscience of the trader or manufacturer; the consequence of which is, that we are beat out of foreign markets, where the manufacture of Geneva can be brought into competition.

To remedy this evil, the English government should adopt regulations similar to those adopted in Geneva; while their standard gold coin is rather below ours, we, as a great commercial nation, ought not to be inferior to them, when the same material is a staple of manufacture.

Of the general character of the inhabitants of Geneva I had no means of information from my own observation, but Rousseau may be trusted as to their character in his time, (and there is no reason to suppose, that that character has been materially changed since;) who, writing to D'Alembert, says, "Beneath a cold phlegmatic appearance, the Genevese conceal a soul filled with ardour and sensibility, easier to be affected than restrained."

The lake of Geneva, anciently called the Leman Lake,* is

* In Celtic, *Leman* signifies a large surface of water.

61¼ English miles in length, and, from Rolle to Thonon, is about ten miles, which may be considered nearly its greatest width. Its greatest depth, which is at its upper end, Mr. Beaumont found not to exceed 1,300 feet. Monsieur de Luc estimates the surface of the lake to be 1,195¼ English feet above the level of the sea; the water of the lake being at its greatest height. In the months of June, July, and August, the water rises about six feet. There is also, in this lake, a kind of flux and reflux, which is called by the people of the country *seiches;* when the water suddenly rises about five feet, and falls as suddenly; and thus, successively for several hours, at which time a rumbling noise is heard, not unlike the firing of distant guns. These phenomena have not been satisfactorily explained: they occur generally in tempestuous weather, and occasionally when it is calm.

Swiss horticulture, in the neighbourhood of Geneva, is not good; the fruits and vegetables are in general very inferior to ours; not but that I have occasionally seen excellent vegetables and fruits, which shew that there is nothing hostile in the soil or climate, but a deficiency of care or skill in the cultivation; in this opinion I was confirmed by Sir Thomas Maitland, a name I mention with the greatest respect and esteem, who was an old and very experienced visitor at Geneva, and sufficiently partial to Switzerland, to insure his opinions from any unfavourable bias.

June 16, 1818. The landlord of the Swan Inn, at Martigny, was drowned in his own inn-yard, by a tremendous inundation, from the suddenly giving way of the dam of a temporary lake, made by an avalanche in the valley of Bagne.

The Rhône, at Brig, is 2,160 feet above the level of the lake of Geneva, and, at Martigny, not more than 384 feet. The average descent of the river from Martigny to the lake is not more than 12 feet, 9½ inches, in a mile.

A chanoine, of the Hospice of St. Bernard, told me, that there was no evening, except in severe frosty weather, which was without fog and rain after five o'clock in the afternoon.

The Hospice, according to M. de Saussure's measurement, is 1,251 toises, or about 8,000 English feet above the level of the sea. It does not stand on the highest part of the mountain; above it are lofty peaks, many of which are 1,500 feet above the small lake, on the edge of which is the Hospice. These rocks are not granitic, though deemed to form a part of the highest primitive chain of the Alps; but, on the contrary, seem to be a species of lamellated rock, of which the integral parts are, in general, argil, quartz, mica, and horn-stone.

This passage was anciently styled *Joux* or *Jovis*, and within two hundred yards of the Hospice stood a temple, dedicated to *Jupiter Penninus*.* Constantine destroyed it, and erected a milestone in its place, with this inscription:

IMP . CÆSARI CONSTANTINO
P . F . INVICTO AUG . DIVI . CONSTANTINI
AUG . FILIO BONO REIPUBLICE NATO
F . C . VAL . XXIIII.

* Livy says, that the inhabitants of Martigny called this mountain, which we now call St. Bernard, the Pennine hill, from *Penninus*, a divinity which the mountaineers worshipped on the highest top.

This columnar milestone has been removed to the village of St. Pierre, where it is now, and has every appearance of being the one mentioned in Antoninus's Itinerary: as he places the twenty-fourth milestone on the top of the great St. Bernard; which corresponds to the number XXIIII. in the inscription.

On our way from Liddes to the Hospice we were accompanied by a robust young woman, of whom we had hired a mule to carry hay. The account she gave of herself was interesting, as illustrative of the occupation and condition of people far removed from the reciprocal benefits of commercial industry. She was dressed in a gown of russet-brown woollen cloth. To several questions, she said, "In our short spring and summer, I prepare the ground, plant, and sow, and gather in the crops; and, in the dreary, long, and cold winter, I make my clothes. This gown I have on, I made from the sheep's back. I sheared the sheep. I carded and spun the wool, wove the cloth, cut it out, and made it." She possessed, of her own property, ten cows, eleven sheep, one goat, and the mule we hired.

August 2, 1822. From Sallanche to Chamouni, the agriculture consists of hemp, flax, wheat, potatoes, scarlet-beans, Indian corn, and some vines; the hemp grows very luxuriantly, seven feet high, and often very much branched; the flax short, and poor; the wheat, very thin and bad. The alder grows to a large size. The *Hippophae rhamnoides, Andromeda polifolia, Helleborus viridis, Berberis vulgaris,* are common plants. Of quadrupeds, foxes are numerous, wolves very few; the dogs have all a peculiar character in the head, like a fox, and are called *Chien de Renard.*

August 21. From Bern to Thun the people were employed in mowing the grass for the second time. Grass is always mowed twice, and clover three times. The meadows have infinitely more narrow-leaved plantain and dandelion than ours. The rent of good pasture land is about the same as land of equal quality in England.

In the cantons of Freyburg and Bern the houses are thickly scattered, and all in perfect repair, though wholly built of timber, with projecting galleries, and never painted, either within or on the outside, to protect them from the weather. On the road side I did not see a single cottage for a laborer or a poor man.

The road from Freyburg to Bern, and to Thun, is exceedingly good, through a pretty country, but always bounded or shut up by rocks or cliffs from any distant view.

In Bern, the thermometer of Fahrenheit in summer is 83¼°, and, in winter, as low as 5°.

The roads that are rudely paved in Switzerland, are like bad imitations of broken-up old Roman roads, as the ascent of the Tête-noire; the road from Amstag over the Devil's Bridge; from Hospital to the top of Mont St. Gothard; and the descent from the Furka into the Valais.

From Zurich to Schaffhausen the country is a good deal like England: at Bulach the road is through a pretty wood of good timber trees.

RIGI KULM.

August 28. We ascended the Rigi from Weggis, which is a poor village, at the foot of the mountain. The road is very good all the way, but the journey is tedious; to walk it, will

take nearly four hours. If the weather be clear, sixteen lakes may be seen from the Kulm, or top; but this clearness is very uncertain. Mr. Keller, to whom the public is indebted for an excellent map of Switzerland, was living at the Rigi Kulm, drawing a panoramic view from the summit, when I was there, and he said that the view had not been so clear as on that evening for fourteen days before. The evening is a much better time to see the view, than in the morning at sun-rise.

LUCERNE.

Just out of the town of Lucerne is a monument to honour the memory of the Swiss who fell on the 10th of August, 1792, in defending the palace of the Tuilleries. The subject is a prostrate lion, dying of a wound he has received in his back with a spear, which is broken, and a part of it left in the wound. It is of a colossal size, hewn out of the natural rock by a Swiss sculptor, of the name of Lucas Ahorn, from a model by Thorwaldsen. The model possesses very great merit.

Near to this monument a chapel is erected to celebrate mass for the benefit of the souls of those who were killed.

In Switzerland works of art are very rare, either in painting, sculpture, or architecture. At Zug, in the church of St. Oswald, there is a picture by Annibal Caracci, and one by Ludovico, in the church of the Franciscans; and in the cathedral of Lucerne, there is a picture representing Christ in the Mount of Olives, by Lanfranc, which has great merit, but is much injured. I saw an artist copying a part of it, who told me that the picture might be preserved by cleaning

and lining it, which would cost sixteen Louis, but neither the church nor the Republic were rich enough to afford so much money for such a purpose.

ZURICH

Is a town of more than ten thousand inhabitants, pleasantly situated, with good society of intelligent persons, but exceedingly dull; with little trade, and very little activity of any kind. Solomon Gessner is the guardian genius of the place. To his memory a temple has been erected, and his bust cast in bronze at the public expense. His only surviving son Conrad still lives in Zurich, an humble citizen, by profession a landscape painter, more respected than patronized.

Here is a considerable library, containing some early printed books and some curious MSS.; among them a copy of the first book printed in Switzerland, 1470. This is a folio, in Latin, of extracts from various chapters in the Bible, with a commentary. Here is a MS. of Quintilian; and a MS. of the Septuagint version of the psalms; some leaves wanting at the beginning, and several psalms omitted. Though this MS. is in Greek, it is written in capital Roman letters, in silver, with some passages in gold, on extremely thin violet-coloured vellum, probably earlier than the reign of Charlemagne. Here are preserved two Latin letters by Lady Jane Grey, to Bullinguer, on theological subjects, with quotations in Greek and Hebrew.* Some notes by Henry IV. of France, not written with his own hand, but signed by him.

* These letters have been several times printed. See a fac-simile of her signature, and that of Henry IV. at the end of the volume.

As in this library there are seven hundred manuscript volumes relating to Swiss history, I inquired of Professor Horner if there was any document respecting the patriotism of William Tell, or of any events of his life; and he told me, that there was no MS. record of either, nor did he believe that any existed in Switzerland so ancient as within a century of the time in which he lived. His name does not appear among the associates of Fürst, Stauffacher, and Erni, who first expelled the Austrian Governors, and afterwards established the independence of their cantons.*

That Tell boldly leaped on shore from the boat where he was a prisoner, and that he killed Herman Gessler, from be-

* On the 17th of Nov. 1307, Werner Stauffacher, (of the canton of Schwytz,) Arnold Erni, of the canton of Unterwald, and Walther Fürst, (of the canton of Ury,) met, to concert measures to free their country from the dominion of Austria. Each of these three selected ten others of known fidelity, to carry their measures into effect. When they were so collected, the three chiefs swore that they would succeed or die in the attempt to deliver their country from the Austrian yoke; and the thirty repeated the same oath; and, on January 1, 1308, in each of these three cantons they seized, at the same time, the Austrian Governors in their respective castles, and without offering them any other violence, conducted them out of the cantons, and, at the frontier, made them swear not again to re-enter either of the three cantons. This was the origin of the Helvetic confederation; and, June 23, 1313, these three chiefs renewed their alliance upon the same spot; an obscure place on the border of the lake of the four cantons, in the canton of Uri, called *Grütli*, and here they established their confederation.

hind a hedge at Immin-Sea, is not improbable; and, in modern times, both situations have been consecrated to commemorate those events; but, the apple story of the Danish soldier Tocco, as related by Saxo Grammaticus, will always create a reasonable doubt of its authenticity at Altorf; how often soever, by the legislative authorities of Switzerland, it may be voted to be a political heresy to investigate the truth; and, however often the same authorities may order such an investigation to be burnt.

In Zurich, a person who has an income from two hundred and fifty pounds to five hundred pounds a year is a rich man. An elderly gentleman, who was a native, told me, "I do not believe that there is one person in the whole Republic that has an annual income of a thousand pounds sterling."

A soldier's pay is sixpence a day. The militia are on duty two months in every year, and, wherever they are mustered, they are quartered on the inhabitants, according to the size of their houses. M. Gessner, who has only four rooms, has two quartered on him when it falls to his lot.

The Poor are supported by voluntary subscription.

In the Catholic, there is infinitely more begging than in the Protestant cantons, and illustrates the leading principle of modern monastic establishments—a contrivance for one class of men to live in idleness, and the people to live in poverty.

An account of a morning's excursion from Lauterbrunnen to Grindelwald, over the Wengern Alps.

"I have been wet through twice, could see very little when I arrived at the top, from the bad weather. It was, neverthe-

less, very well worth the trouble, though I was several times within a hair's breadth of falling down the most frightful precipices."

After dinner was over at the table d'hôte, where we dined together, * * * said, "Good God! what can we do with ourselves, we have at least, four hours to assassinate before one can possibly go to bed!" This is drawn from the life, and I consider the sketch to be a good illustration of a mountain scramble, and of the feelings of those who are in constant activity to be somewhere else.

Nothing is more difficult than to make a just estimate between the toil of any undertaking, and the pleasure of accomplishing it; this must depend on the taste of the individual; but he who travels the mountains of Switzerland to see the peculiarities of the country may place it to his account, that he will be exhausted with fatigue, and, when the day is spent, be content to lodge in some offensive and miserable place, where all he stands in need of he must continue to want; yet, here is no lack of population; wherever there are the means to support life, there is a wooden house, and where a goat can browse, there is cultivation; but the state of society is rude and unadorned.

With some theorists, happiness is greater where luxury is less; if this be true, the mountain Swiss have nothing to learn, and nothing to regret. The three cantons, which gained their independence more than four hundred years ago, are now in nearly the same condition of civilization as they were then. By inaccessible roads they shut out the world from them, and forget that they shut themselves out from the world. Inde-

pendence and rational liberty have never been praised too much; but, liberty without intellectual cultivation, and without civil polity, instead of lifting man above the condition of other wild animals, reduces him to their level. Where rocks and fastnesses are more valued than the advancement of civilized life, improvement must be stationary, and this seems to be the condition of the cantons of Uri, Unterwald, and Schwytz.

COMO.

Here is the intermittent fountain on the bank of the lake, anciently called the *Larian Lake*, which issues out of a rock, and has the peculiar property of increasing and diminishing the jet of water, in steady fine weather, eight times in every twenty-four hours, but not with regularity as to the intervals. Pliny, speaking of this fountain in a letter to his friend Licinius, says, that it ebbs and flows regularly three times a day. Previously to any atmospheric change, the intervals are more irregular, and the times of fluctuation more frequent; and this irregularity is here occasionally consulted, for the future state of the weather, as we consult a barometer. Pliny ascribes these phenomena to subterraneous winds. Although such periodical fountains are found in England and other countries, and have not failed to attract the attention of scientific men, no solution of them has yet been received as satisfactory. On the rock, out of which this fountain gushes, is a villa belonging to the Marquis Carnarisi, and a room in it is so

constructed as to command a view of the fountain, agreeably to Pliny's description of the room that existed in his time. The water is quite clear, and very good to drink. This fountain, having been mentioned by Pliny, the present villa is called *Villa Pliniana*, not that there is any authority for supposing that Pliny ever had a villa on this site.

PALAZZO GIOVIO.

Paulus Jovius, bishop of Nocera, was a native of Como, where he built a palace, in which he had a fine library, a museum, and a gallery of portraits of distinguished men.* The descendant of his elder brother Benedetto now inhabits this palace, and possesses the library and collection of portraits nearly in the same state as Paulus Jovius left them, together with a large collection of inedited original letters by the most celebrated men of that age.

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* Paulus Jovius was born April 19, 1483, and died Dec. 11, 1552. He was buried in St. Lorenzo, in Florence, and in the cloister is a good statue of him, in a sitting posture, by Francesco da Sangallo.

The portraits as works of art have no particular value, but they are exceedingly interesting, from having been presented to him, either as original pictures, or as copies of the most authentic portraits then known. Here is a profile of Henry VIII. when he was young, the only picture I ever saw of that king in profile: it is carefully painted, the features are well drawn, and it appears to be a faithful representation. Here is also a portrait of Michel Angelo, of which I have never seen any copy. Among the MSS. is a biographical sketch of a life of Michel Angelo, and of Leonardo da Vinci, by Paulus Jovius himself; also an inedited manuscript by him of the illustrious women of his own time. Here are also some inedited MSS. by Leonardo da Vinci. The present Count Giovio shewed me his library, though with some inconvenience to himself, a liberality which I acknowledge with a just sense of his kindness.

MILAN

Is a remarkable example of a great inland capital, built without the natural advantage of

a river. To strengthen its fortifications, two streams were brought by canals from the Adda and Ticino; when the fortifications were razed, these streams remained, and are now of the greatest importance to the inhabitants.

THE CATHEDRAL,

In architecture, as well as in sculpture, men of taste and science have established certain principles to prevent those arts from being the sport of fancy and caprice; yet, out of the grossest absurdities, effects are sometimes produced which have had a power over the imagination, and set established rules at defiance. Of this description is the architecture of the cathedral of Milan.* It resembles the ivory carving of a Chinese artist, and has the same reference to architecture; and its popularity is founded on

* The foundation of this cathedral was laid June 13, 1386, by Visconti, the first Duke of Milan; yet, the first religious office that was performed in it was not till Oct. 16, 1684, when Pope Martin V. blessed the altar, before the consecration of the church by Cardinal Borromeo.

the same principles—richness of ornament, and an endless profusion of laborious ingenuity.

The façade is in a capricious Gothic style, made still more fantastical by blending with it very corrupt Roman architecture. The outside of the whole church is built of an imperfect white marble, and incumbered beyond all example with sculptured ornaments, bas-reliefs, and bad statues in countless numbers.

The plan of the church consists of a nave and four side aisles, without projecting chapels to contract any part of the area; there are no less than fifty-two clustered pillars, which produce a very novel and striking effect.* The choir is a little elevated, and has no screen to separate it from the body of the church, which for the general effect is a great improvement.

The sculpture partakes of every extravagance of fancy: Prophets as large as Gogmagog in

* These clustered pillars at the bottom, of what would be called the shaft in Grecian architecture, are twenty-five feet seven inches in circumference; and Mr. Eustace says, they are more than ninety feet high.

Guild-Hall, without the merit of their simplicity; bronze Doctors, and the beasts of Ezekiel, in a style equally removed from Grecian taste and common sense. The celebrated statue of St. Bartholomew has been admired for having his skin in his hand, but, for such novelties, I have no partiality; and the vain inscription of the sculptor was never worse applied.*

LAST SUPPER BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

The celebrity of this picture, and its various misfortunes, make it a subject of peculiar interest. It was painted to ornament the Refectory of the great Dominican Convent in Milan, by order of Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, about the year 1498.

Besides the lapse of years, the fate of this picture has been singularly unfortunate, and even its celebrity contributed to its ruin. The eager desire that strangers had to see this extraordinary work of art was endured by the friars

* NON ME PRAXITELES
SED MARC' FINXIT AGRAT'.

with great impatience, and their Refectory being so often intruded upon, they at length determined to extinguish this troublesome curiosity, and white-washed the wall, and thus the picture was supposed to be completely destroyed.* At length, when a better feeling returned, some curious English visiting Milan, obtained permission to remove the white-wash, and the picture was again brought to light, though very much injured.

In this state it remained for many years, when another misfortune befel it. The Prior employed a bad painter to restore it, who painted over the draperies in oil-colour; about this time the friars opened a large door at the end of the Refectory, for the greater convenience of carrying in their dinner *hot* from the kitchen, and cut away somewhat more than eighteen square feet from the bottom of the picture.†

* Gastrell, who possessed Shakspeare's house and garden, destroyed the celebrated mulberry-tree from the same feeling.

† This mutilation by the friars is very unpardonable, as they might have had a door sixteen feet high without touching the pic-

About the year 1797 the monastery was broken up, and the friars dispersed by the occupation of Milan by the French. The monastery, with its large Refectory,* and the hall of the Inquisition, were then converted into quarters for the troops. The Refectory, at one time, served as a barrack for infantry, and, at another time, for cavalry. These troops, in their turns, threw stones at the picture of the Last Supper, and shot at the Crucifixion at the opposite end of the room. By the chances of war, when German troops succeeded to the French, they practised the same amusement.

After this, as if there was still something want-

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ture. The present door-way is about nineteen feet high, by six feet six inches wide, and, it is worth observing, that the old door which they stopped up was within five yards and a half of the end of the room where they made the new one, and that had answered its purpose very well for two centuries.

* The length of this room is one hundred and sixteen feet eight inches, and the width twenty-nine feet. At the end, opposite to the Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci, is a large fresco picture of the Crucifixion, with the two thieves, which fills the whole end of the room.

ing to complete the demolition of this ill-fated picture, an exceedingly heavy rain fell, continuing with little intermission for several weeks, which inundated the floor of the Refectory to a considerable depth, and, from its continuance, without any attempt to drain it off, occasioned so much damp on the walls, that the oil-colour, which had been used in repairing the picture, peeled off, and carried with it the original coloring; thus, this great work is now reduced to a mere wreck.

After all this mischief, the Refectory was put into complete repair by Beauharnois, when he was Viceroy. The windows, which were all broken, were newly glazed, and the floor raised and paved, and a platform erected close to the picture, for the convenience of near inspection, and for the accommodation of those who wished to copy any part of it. A *custodio* was also appointed to take care of it.

As I examined this picture for several successive days, these observations on its present state, may not be without their interest.* The

* October, 1822.

heads of St. John and St. Simon are so far obliterated, that all expression and character have wholly disappeared; the next, in imperfection, are St. Jude and St. Matthew, which, although all expression is not entirely lost, all color and *chiar'-oscuro* are. In the order of mutilation, St. Bartholomew comes next, the mouth is obliterated, but the other features remain. St. James the Less, St. Andrew, St. Peter, St. Thomas, and St. James, the brother of John, are in nearly the same degree of imperfection, but, in them all, the expression of their respective characters may be seen. The head of Judas is more perfect than the rest; and the face of Christ has not at all suffered from accident or mischief,* time alone has lowered the coloring. All that part of the picture below the table-cloth is in complete obscurity.

All the stories of the head of Christ having been left unfinished from the painter's conscious-

* Mr. Eustace says, "that the heads of this picture were the favorite marks of the soldiers, and that of our Saviour in preference to the others." If this be true, they have shewn that their skill was not equal to their impiety.

ness of want of talent and ability to do justice to this part of his picture are wholly groundless. This head is beautifully drawn, and executed with breadth. The character and expression has great mildness and serenity, without insipidity, and, even in its present state, is the best head of Christ that I have ever seen, either in painting or in sculpture.

The head of Judas has been said to be a portrait of the Prior of that time, founded on this tradition. During the painting of the picture, Leonardo da Vinci left it unfinished for some time, with a hope of obtaining models for the heads of Christ and Judas, to assist him in expressing the placid benignity of the one, and the treachery of the other. The Prior being impatient for its entire completion, at last complained to the Duke of Milan, who, when he inquired into the nature of the delay, Leonardo told him, that he wanted a head to assist him in painting the character of Judas, "Then," said the Duke, "paint the portrait of the Prior."

To add to the interest of the picture of the

KEY TO THE PICTURE OF THE LAST SUPPER.

1. S.t Bartholomew
2. S.t James the less
3. S.t Andrew

4. Judas
5. S.t Peter
6. S.t John

7. CHRIST
8. S.t Thomas
9. S.t James the elder
10. S.t Philip

11. S.t Matthew
12. S.t Jude
13. S.t Simon

The names of the Apostles are taken from a MS. in the Dominican Convent at Milan: supposed to have been Leonardo da Vinci's own explanation.

Last Supper, it is a singular fact, that except this one picture, and a small head of a Madonna, painted on the wall in the monastery of St. Onofero, in Rome, it is doubtful if any other picture at this time can be authenticated to have been painted by Leonardo da Vinci, notwithstanding so many oil paintings pass under his name; and, in this opinion, I am strengthened by the late Mr. West, who had taken pains, through a long professional life, to inform himself on that point. I once asked him if he had ever seen an oil-picture, said to be by Leonardo da Vinci, which he could pronounce to be so, with the same certainty that he could decide on the best works of Raffaello, or Titian, or other great masters of the Roman and Venetian schools; and, he said, "Of all the easel pictures I have ever seen attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, I have never seen one that I could safely pronounce to be so from my own judgment."

The Last Supper has been usually said to be painted in fresco, that is, like the Stanzas of Raffaello, or the ceiling of the Sistine chapel, the colors being laid on, while the plaster was

wet, and absorbed into it; but, with this picture that was not the case, the colors were used *a tempora*, and painted on a dry wall.

Leonardo da Vinci was one of the most extraordinary men that ever lived; he appears to have followed no profession beyond the impulse of his own natural feelings, yet always surpassed his contemporaries, improving whatever he attempted. In painting, he may be said to have invented *chiar'-oscuro;* and, in design and composition, his genius may be estimated, when the Last Supper, and the Battle of the Standard, are compared with the works which were produced before that period. Of anatomy he appears to have known as much, and more physiology, than Vasalius, as may be reasonably inferred from a MS. in the late king's library. He cut the canal from the Ticino, to make a communication between the Lago Maggiore and Milan; and a large folio volume of drawings, kept in a room behind the Ambrosian library, sufficiently shews his extensive knowledge of mechanics and hydraulics.*

* An inscription on the wall of the room where this volume is

THE IRON CROWN.

This celebrated crown is a broad circle of gold, set with large rubies, emeralds, and sapphires; kept in the cathedral of Monza, in an ornamented cross, deposited over an altar, closely shut up within folding-doors of gilt brass. This exhibition is attended with some ceremony, and the cross is not usually taken down from its

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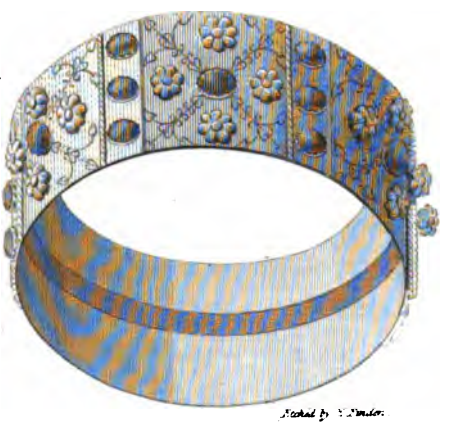
kept, put up in 1637, says, that a king of England, *offerebat Aureis ter. mille. Hispanicis*, for this volume of drawings; and, "this king," Addison says, "was James I." It is to James I. we are indebted for the completion of that invaluable canal, the New River, projected and executed by Sir Hugh Middleton. Sir Hugh, after having exhausted his own fortune, and applied to the city of London for aid without success, was supported by the king, who advanced the money to complete the canal, which was then not more than half finished: here we see him offering three thousand pistoles for a work that might be useful in similar undertakings, which adds an additional fact to that part of his character, unnoticed by his biographers.

There were formerly eleven small volumes of MSS. by Leonardo da Vinci in the Ambrosian library, but in the French Revolution they were taken to Paris; and have not been restored. (Oct. 1, 1822.)

elevated situation to gratify common curiosity by a nearer view, but we were more fortunate. The crown is kept in an octagonal aperture in the centre of the cross: it is composed of six equal pieces of beaten gold, joined together by close hinges; and the jewels and embossed gold ornaments are set in a ground of blue and gold enamel, which, to me, was interesting, as it exhibited an exact resemblance to the workmanship of the enamelled part of a gold ornament, now in the Ashmolean Museum, which once belonged to King Alfred, and is the most curious piece of antiquity in that museum. But, for those who have an appetite for relics, the most important part of this crown is a narrow iron rim, which is attached to the inside of it all round. The rim is about three eighths of an inch broad, and a tenth of an inch thick, made out of one of the nails used in the crucifixion.*

* Of these nails, there is one in the treasury of St. Mark, at Venice, and one in the church of the Benedictine Monastery at Catania, which, by its miraculous powers, prevented the destruc-

The crown is said to have been presented to Constantine, by his mother; and the sacred iron rim, from which it has its name, was to protect him in battle: and, although this iron has now been exposed for more than fifteen hundred years, there is not a speck of rust upon it, which I was desired to notice as a permanent miracle, by the Chanoine, who called my attention to that fact.



THE IRON CROWN
of Lombardy.

tion of that monastery in the overwhelming eruption of Ætna, in the year 1669, when the lava flowed all round the monastery, and left it standing amidst liquid fire, unhurt.

In the treasury of the cathedral there is more plate than is usually left by the rapacity of war; but, the most curious thing in it is a sapphire goblet, larger than any sapphire that was ever seen, and I believe it to be of the same material as the emerald dish at Genoa, now known to be nothing more than stained glass.

Miscellaneous.

PUBLIC HOSPITAL.

The public hospital, in Milan, is the most extensive institution of the kind in Europe. It is endowed with land, producing a rent of nearly seventy thousand pounds sterling per annum; and there are continually additional benefactions. To promote this object, one incentive is held out, which has been found to have the most beneficial influence; he who bequeaths a hundred thousand francs (about four thousand pounds sterling,) has his whole length portrait painted at the expense of the charity, and those who bequeath half that sum, have their portraits painted in half-length, which are exhibited to the public on certain grand festivals, within a colonnade, surrounding the great quadrangle of the hospital. Thus, the trustees have well calculated upon those adverse passions, which so often set reason at defiance; and have found in the ultimate balance of human life, that men, unjust to themselves, are often generous to posterity; and vain to be

well thought of for those qualities, for which, when alive, they would not pay the fraction of a farthing.

VILLA SIMMONETTA.

About a mile out of Milan is a decayed palace, called the Villa Simmonetta, where there is an extraordinary echo. You ascend up to the second floor of the house, and, in a room at the aperture of a large square window, which is opposite to the blank wall of a corresponding wing of the house, the echo has been counted to repeat the report of a pistol eighty-five times. In the echo, I observed this peculiarity, that some words in the same sentence were repeated stronger than others, and did not always regularly and gradually diminish and die away; but, after several faint repetitions, would then return to the ear with increased strength, similar to the effect produced in the Whispering Gallery in Gloucester cathedral, by a person walking round it; the only instance of this peculiarity that I am acquainted with: this effect at the Villa Simmonetta applies to the sound of some particular words in a sentence, and not to all, indiscriminately. This echo interested Bonaparté very much; he went several times, and used to discharge two pistols at once, and always exclaimed, that it was the most extraordinary thing he ever heard.

CHURCH OF ST. AMBROSE.

The story of St. Ambrose shutting the doors of the church against the Emperor Theodŏsius is well known; nor should I

mention it, but to correct an error in Eustace, who says, "The doors are of *bronze*, and could not have been those which St. Ambrose closed against the emperor, for two reasons; first, because there were no doors closed on that occasion; and, secondly, because the present doors were made in the ninth century." From the interest he seems to have in these facts, it is extraordinary that he should have found these doors of bronze, which are of wood, and were so in the time of Addison, who says, "that several have picked splinters of wood out of them for relics." There is now a sort of wire network placed before them, probably to prevent this practice.

BOLOGNA.

This city, in its general appearance, has undergone very little change by the French Revolution. Time has worn out its once flourishing Institutions, and the æra of its splendor has passed away; still it has its University, with four hundred students, instead of ten thousand, its academies, its churches, and its palaces.

The public library is well supplied with useful reading books; but, with none either scarce, or curious for the width of their uncut margins; and no manuscripts of any value except one of Lactantius, supposed to have been written about the fifth century; it is written in double columns, in a letter of the same character, and about the same size as the Pandects, in the Laurentian library; divided into paragraphs, but, like the Digests, the words are undivided. Here is also a printed copy of the Defence of the Seven Sacraments by Henry VIII., bound with the royal arms of England on the cover, and, in the book, in two places, is written *Henry Rex*, in the king's own hand. How it

came into this library, or to whom it was originally presented, is not known. But, by far the subject of the greatest interest in Bologna is D. Giuseppe Mezzofanti, who is the principal librarian and professor of oriental languages.

He is a plain, unaffected, modest man, with such an extensive knowledge of various languages, as it is not easy to credit on any ordinary testimony. Having heard and read of his great fame, I introduced myself to him in the public library; after talking to him some time in English, he said, that he found all the European languages very easy. Of the oriental, the Arabic was the most difficult, from its richness in terms. To acquire the English language gave him very little trouble: this opinion surprised me, and I entered into a discussion with him on some grammatical peculiarities; I also remarked upon the great irregularity of our pronunciation, which he more perfectly understood on principle, than any person I ever talked with on that subject: he was also so obliging as to read a page of an English book, which I took from a shelf in the library; and, in reading and speaking, he never

made a single mistake. The only sign of peculiarity was, that in speaking, he employed a word occasionally, not of colloquial use, but which, nevertheless, was perfectly correct as to the sense.

So far I can speak from my own knowledge, and a Polish Countess, whom I knew perfectly well, and who speaks German, Russ, and French, as native languages, in common with her own, told me, that she conversed with him in all of them, and, to the best of her judgment, he understood and spoke them as well as she did.

A German officer, with whom Mr. Rose dined at Bologna, said, that he should not have known him by his language from being a native of Germany; and Mr. Rose's servant, who was a native of Smyrna, said, that he might pass for a Greek or a Turk as far as he was able to judge. In the course of conversation I asked him how many languages he knew; he said, about forty, and that he could speak about thirty, but that he had so little practice in speaking the oriental languages, that he spoke them with less fluency than the European. To add to the

wonder of these attainments, he has never been out of Italy, and, I believe, Florence is the greatest distance he has ever been from Bologna. I wish I could have spent more time with this extraordinary man.

Miscellaneous.

In architecture, there are no works of Palladio in Bologna. There is a staircase of the Ranuzzi Palace, said to be by him, and, though sufficiently handsome and commodious, possesses no peculiar excellence.

The façade of the Magnani Palace is by Tibaldi; but the large hall, with its deep frieze, painted by Annibale Carracci, is totally ruined, and the room itself is degraded to a store-room for a printing-office. The celebrated Sampieri Palace is occupied by a broker and picture-dealer; but the frescos, by Guercino and the three Carraccis, remain in great perfection; the Hercules and Antæus, for vigor of design, and richness of color, is quite unrivalled. The other pictures, by Agostino, Annibale, and Lodovico, are works that correspond to the reputation of those masters.

In the Museum there is a large collection of wax anatomy, better than that of Florence; but, if this be used in anatomical lectures, it is very inadequate to give accurate knowledge to the student. The different rooms in the Museum are filled with specimens, common to other collections of natural history; but, there is one object which particularly attracted my

attention, the horn of a rhinoceros, more than three feet and a half in length, exactly of the same character, as to size and curvature, as the one brought to England by Mr. Campbell, from Africa, which belonged, as was supposed, to an unknown species of rhinoceros, and which, in a paper read at the Royal Society, he concludes, from many circumstances, to be the Unicorn mentioned in the bible. How this horn came into this museum, or when, I could obtain no information, nor did I measure it with accuracy, as I could only see it through a glass-door.

Raffaello's St. Cecilia is restored to the Academy, where there are several very fine pictures; and a whole length portrait of St. Andrew Corsini, by Guido, which, for delicacy and freedom of execution, is quite perfection.

A little way out of Bologna is a public burying-ground, made out of the suppressed Convent of Certosini. It was first applied to this purpose in 1802. It is an effort to give a kind of characteristic elegance to the different conditions of life, after death. Rich dignitaries of the church are classed, and inferior clergy are arranged at a respectful distance. Arched recesses are made to receive statues and sarcophagi for the wealthy, and head-stones have their allotted district. Sepulchres are marshalled for exhibition, with quaint fancies and insipid allegories:—bad monitors to the living, and destitute of any feeling for the dead.

Here, in a room appropriated to skulls, is the skull of Guido, mounted on a bracket, with this inscription on it: "*Guido Reni pittore celebre retrovata nello studio del celebre scultore*

annato^to^. *Ercole Lelli.*" Guido died, August 18, 1642, and was buried in the chapel of Santa Maria del Rosario, in the church of St. Domenico, in Bologna.

In St. Luke's academy in Rome, Raffaello's skull is preserved in a glass-case. In the French academy is preserved the skull of Des Cartes. In the library at Ravenna is exhibited the skull of the Cardinal of Pavia, who was killed at Ravenna by the Duke of Urbino in 1511. Whether these exhibitions are fitting, or not, I leave others to determine.

FERRARA.

A city, celebrated in the days of Michel' Angelo, Ariosto, and Tasso. The streets are wide, and straight, and long, where grass and weeds now flourish and decay. The ancient palace of the dukes of Ferrara is the residence of the Cardinal Legate: it is large, and picturesque from its irregularity. It once had a museum of works of virtù, of literature, and painting; now, there is only a succession of naked chambers, and solitude and gloom supply their place.

In the city, the Jews are the only active and wealthy inhabitants, and their number is so considerable, that, although here is a *Ghetto*, they live in every part of the town, and inhabit the palaces of the *ci-devant* nobility; without them, indigence would have her empire complete. What a contrast to Tasso's time, who describes the city as one brilliant theatre, "A cità maravigliosa"—"piena di mille forme e di mille apparense." Those who have any feeling for Italian literature, have still a high gratification in the public library; where there are preserved

very interesting manuscripts of Ariosto and Tasso.

Here is an imperfect copy of the Orlando, in Ariosto's hand-writing, with his first thoughts and corrections: one of his satires, his comedy *la Scolastica*, and many letters.

Of Tasso, here is a copy of the *Jerusalem*, written and corrected by himself; of which there is a similar manuscript in the library of the Barberini Palace, in Rome; but that copy which is written by Tasso, is corrected by another hand, supposed to have been by the cardinal, to whom the MS. was sent. Here are eight letters written by him when he was imprisoned in the madhouse of St. Anna.* The chair, and bronze inkstand which Ariosto used, are here preserved as relics. Alfieri visited this library in 1783, and, at the bottom of a sheet of the rough MS. copy of Orlando Furioso, he has written, *Vittorio Alfieri vide, e venero,* 18 *Guigno,* 1783.

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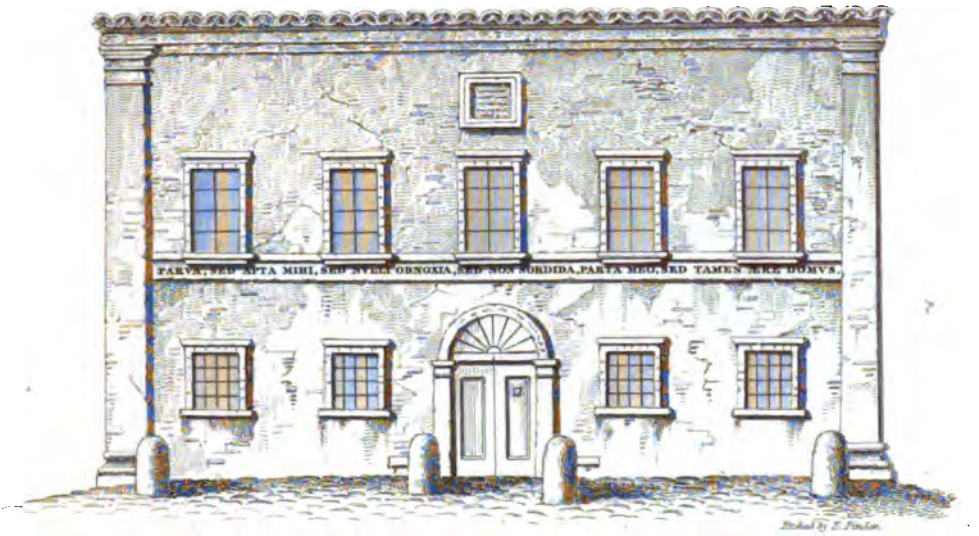
* Over the door of the cell where Tasso was imprisoned General Miollis put up an inscription, which is incorrect with respect to time. Tasso was imprisoned there from the middle of March, 1579-80, to December.



ARIOSTO'S HOUSE.
In the Street Miracole in Ferrara.

This house, in which Ariosto lived, and where he died, is now public property, and a person is put into it at the public expense to prevent dilapidation, out of respect and honour to his memory.*

Ariosto died June 6, 1533, and was buried in

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* In the biography of Ariosto, it is said, that he took great delight in building, but that he was an economist; and, on an expression of surprise by a friend of his, that he, who had described such magnificent edifices, should himself be so poorly accommodated, he replied, "words are much easier put together than bricks;" at the same time, he took him to the front of his house, and pointed to this distich, engraved on a listel, in one line, extending the whole front, as may be seen in the print:

"My house is small, fit for me, not enviable, nor mean; and bought, and paid for, with my own money."

the church of the Benedictine Convent, and, in 1612, a monument was erected to him. In 1801, the French general Miollis removed his remains, together with the monument, into the public library, and it is now at the end of a long gallery. It is a tasteless, ill designed, composition, but it fills up the space where it is put, and does not disfigure the room.

In this library is a printed copy of the first edition of the Orlando, printed at Ferrara, April 22, 1516. Those who are curious in the pursuit of early printed books, have enumerated only two copies of this edition; this is therefore a third.* Here is a copy of the folio Ovid, of 1474, with a margin sufficiently spacious to be the envy of a modern amateur.

The fortifications of Ferrara in the time of Michel' Angelo were esteemed the best of any in Italy, and he made a visit to the reigning

* The scarcest edition, is one printed at Ferrara, July 25, 1528, of which the late Colonel Stanley had the only copy known to exist. After his death, it became the property of the present Duke of Marlborough, and is now to be sold in Chancery-Lane for sixty guineas.

Duke Alfonso on purpose to see them before he undertook the fortification of Florence. Clement VIII. built the citadel when the Duchy of Ferrara became a part of the Ecclesiastical State at the end of the sixteenth century; now, so unhealthy, that it is only a depository for military stores. The other parts of the fortification are in ruins; and a stagnant ditch, mantled with weeds, is suffered to remain, to generate miasmata and nurse infection.

RAVENNA.

To the antiquary and historian this city is highly interesting, and deserves to be visited oftener than it is by English travellers. Here Augustus founded a naval establishment for the reception of 250 ships of war; and, though Addison and other writers suppose that the city is now nearly at the same distance from the Adriatic as it was formerly; yet Gibbon seems to be of a different opinion, and says, that "the gradual retreat of the sea has left the modern city at the distance of four miles from the Adriatic, and, as early as the fifth or sixth century, the

Port of Augustus was converted into pleasant orchards; and a lonely grove of Pines covered the ground where the Roman fleet once rode at anchor." This celebrated writer, however, regrets, after all the authorities he had consulted, that he was in want of the information of a local antiquary, and a good topographical map.

From the year 404 Ravenna may be considered as the seat of government of the Western Empire, and the capital of Italy; and, from the year 567, the throne of the Gothic kings was filled by an Exarch, who, in peace and war represented the Emperor of the Romans.

The Eternal City was degraded to a second rank, till after a lapse of 240 years, when the Exarchate was overrun by the Lombards, and, in their turn, conquered by the French, from whom the Pope received it as a gift, and with only occasional interruption it has made a part of the Ecclesiastical State ever since.

" Theodoric, the ostrogoth, who might have deserved a statue among the best and the bravest of the ancient Romans," died here.* And his

* August 30, A. D. 526.

daughter, Amalasuntha, erected a mausoleum to honour his memory, which still remains in a mutilated state. It is a circular building, covered with a flat dome, raised on a rustic basement story of ten sides. On the top of the dome is a sort of plinth, where the sarcophagus is said to have been originally placed which contained the body. The interior of this building was formerly converted into a church, but now, wholly disused. The most curious part of this structure is the dome, which is thirty-eight feet in diameter, and hollowed out of one solid block of stone.

Here are the remains of an ancient palace in the principal street, called the palace of Theodoric; and, in the wall, is set the broken sarcophagus of red porphyry, said to have been battered down from the top of his mausoleum by Louis XII., at the celebrated battle of Ravenna.

That Theodoric had a palace at Ravenna there can be no doubt, and also, that it was his favourite residence, where, as Gibbon observes, after the example of the last emperors, he cul-

tivated an orchard with his own hands, but, whether the façade, of which this print is a representation, made any part of it, it would not be safe to affirm; but, there are circumstances to render it extremely probable that its situation was where this palace now stands.*

Here is a mausoleum of Placidia, the daughter of Theodosius, the last representative of the

Palace of Theodoric at Ravenna.

* Theodoric had also a palace at Verona, and Maffei, in his *Verona Illustrata*, has engraved a print from an ancient seal of that city, to shew what he supposes to be a representation of it.

Cæsars, who was the sole master of the whole Roman empire; and whose chequered history, without much deviation from the truth, would make an excellent modern novel. Her corpse was preserved here for many ages, seated in a chair of cypress wood.* In this sanctuary now only remains her ponderous sarcophagus, with others of the imperial family. In the vaulted ceiling are represented eight Roman senators in mosaïc, in white togas, edged with purple, an example of the color and trimming of this ancient robe, not very commonly to be met with.

In Ravenna there are numerous ancient sarcophagi, on which are sculptured, in bas-relief, lambs, doves, and peacocks. In the cathedral are two ancient pulpits, with a row of peacocks on each. In Bologna these birds are represented

* Theodosius the Great died January 17, A. D. 395. She died Nov. 27, A. D. 450. This empress was attached to the orthodox clergy, and from them received many compliments; and St. Peter Chrysologus assured her, that her zeal for the Trinity had been recompensed by an august trinity of children.—*Tillemont, Hist. des Emp.* tom. vi. p. 240.—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. vi. p. 138.

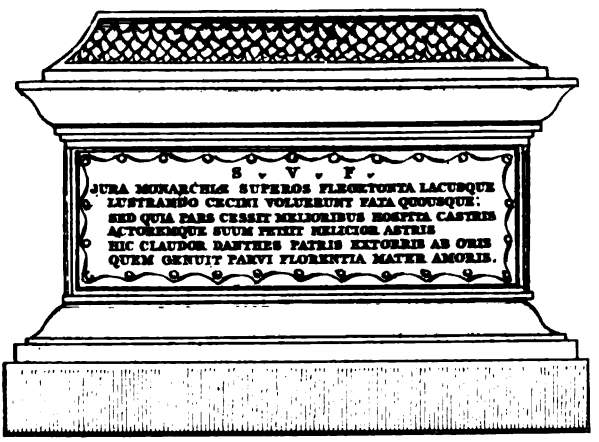
on a monument to Giles Foscherari, made in 1289. In St. Mark's, in Venice, there are several of a large size in rude mosaïc, making a part of the pavement of the church; and the oldest paintings of angels, represent them with wings composed of peacocks' feathers. As this bird, in the polytheism of the ancients, was an attendant on Juno, and an emblem of pride, it is singular to see it associated in the early ages of Christianity, with the dove and the lamb.

In the neglected chapel, called *il Braccio forte,* is a statue, which once made the top of a tomb, similar to the whole length monumental figures of knights, common in our cathedrals of the time of the Edwards, executed with more talent and with more expression, than any piece of sculpture of this kind that has ever fallen within my notice. When it was made, or by whom, or whom it represents, are unknown. It is placed in the wall of this chapel for preservation; and, I mention it, that it may not be overlooked by those who visit Ravenna, and are interested in works of sculpture.

Under the kind protection of Guido Novello da Polenta, here Dante found an asylum from the malevolence of his enemies, and here he ended a life embittered with many sorrows, as he has pathetically told to posterity, "after having gone about like a mendicant; wandering over almost every part to which our language extends; shewing against my will the wound with which fortune has smitten me, and which is so often imputed to his ill deserving, on whom it is inflicted." The precise time of his death is not accurately ascertained; but, it was either in July or September of the year 1321. His friend in adversity, Guido da Polenta, mourned his loss, and testified his sorrow and respect by a sumptuous funeral, and, it is said, intended to have erected a monument to his memory; but, the following year, contending factions deprived him of the sovereignty which he had held for more than half a century; and he, in his turn, like the great poet whom he had protected, died in exile. I believe, however, that the tomb, with an inscription purporting to have been writ-

ten by Dante himself, of which I have here given an outline, was erected at the time of his decease: and, that his portrait, in bas-relief, was afterwards added by Bernardo Bembo, in the year 1483, who, at that time was a Senator and Podestà of the Venetian Republic.

The bas-relief was probably copied from a portrait of Dante by Giotto, but, whether any such picture now exists I am ignorant; but, this bas-relief and all the bad portraits which I have ever seen of Dante, seem to have had one common origin.


S · V · F ·
JURA MONARCHIÆ SUPEROS FLEGETONTA LACUSQUE
LUSTRANDO CECINI VOLUERUNT FATA QUOUSQUE:
SED QUIA PARS CESSIT MELIORIBUS HOSTIA CASTRIS
ACTUSIMIQUE SUUM PETIIT FELICIOR ASTRIS
HIC CLAUDOR DANTHES PATRIS EXTORRIS AB ORIS
QUEM GENUIT PARVI FLORENTIA MATER AMORIS.

DANTE'S TOMB

The public library here is rich in early printed books; it also contains a small collection of medals; and, among them, the celebrated medal of Cicero, in tolerable preservation. This medal was first noticed in 1598, and, since that time, has been a subject of learned discussion and controversy; Echart doubts its authenticity, and Visconti is of a contrary opinion; but, whatever opinions may be entertained respecting it, it is the only representation of that great and illustrious man which has come down to us with any shade of authenticity; excepting a marble bust, now in the possession of the Duke of Wellington; on which the name of Cicero is cut. This bust I have never seen, but I understand, that Visconti and other antiquaries have determined by the letters that the name is not earlier than the third century.

The medal appears to have been coined in Magnesia ad Sipulum, in Lydia, and is supposed to have been struck by Cicero's brother, Quintus, when he was governor of Asia, or subsequently by Cicero's son Marcus, when he was proconsul of that Province, in the reign of

Augustus. The Abate Sanclementi, in a work entitled, *De Nummo Marci Tullii Ciceronis,* has written a learned dissertation in quarto, on the authenticity of this medal, to which I refer those who wish to investigate the subject.*

MANTUA

Is an interesting city from the peculiarity of its situation, in the middle of a marsh and the rapid and wide spreading Mincio,† and is walled round, rather than fortified. The surrounding country is as flat as the Pontine Marshes, and much of the same character. It is said to have

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* The inscription round the head is

ΜΑΡΚΟΣ ΤΥΛΛΙΟΣ ΚΙΚΕΡΩΝ.

On the reverse is a hand holding a wreath and a branch of laurel, an ear of corn, and a vine twig, with a bunch of grapes: and the inscription

ΜΑΓΝΗΤΩΝ ΤΩΝ ΑΠΟ ΣΙΠΥΛΟΥ,

And, within these words, the word

ΘΕΟΔΩΡΟC.

† The Mincio originates in the Lago di Garda. Nani, the historian of Venice, says, that "the expanse of water, called the lake of Mantua, is a work of art;" but, this assertion, if it be true, I suspect, must be taken with some modification.

a population of twenty-two thousand, of which ten thousand are Jews, and, as at Ferrara, they are the most wealthy inhabitants, and have a theatre of their own; a peculiarity I have not found in any other part of Italy.

Here is a gallery of ancient fragments of sculpture, which possess little value as works of art; among them, as might be reasonably concluded, there is a bust of Virgil, but of little credit to the antiquary who made the discovery, for the nose and chin, and the upper and under lip, are all restored. Virgil, according to Silius Italicus, was born at the village of Andes, now called Pietola, within two miles of Mantua.

The principal object of attraction here is the Palace *del Te*, just without the walls of the city, built and painted in fresco by Julio Romano. With these celebrated pictures I was not so much delighted as I had reason to expect; for, although this artist is considered to want those graces which proceed from the management of colors, or the disposition of light and shadow; yet, Sir Joshua Reynolds says, that "his conceptions are more extraordinary, more profound,

and more elevated than even those of Raffaello himself; but, here is so little pathos, and so much extravagance of design, especially in the *Camera dèi Giganti*, that with some few exceptions, this palace disappointed me.

Julio Romano spent the latter part of his life here, in a house he built for himself, which has been recently repaired, so that the present façade has probably undergone some alteration from the original design. He was particularly patronized by the celebrated Baldassar Castiglione, and, though he died in Mantua, it is remarkable that the place of his interment is not known.

In the Ducal Palace, which is large enough for the sovereign of a great empire; there is one room ornamented with the portraits of all the marquises and dukes of Mantua, from the first captain, Luigi Gonzaga, who seized the government in 1328, down to the year 1708, when it was surrendered up to Austria. To this palace were appended all the establishments of a rich and powerful monarch. Two theatres, a manège, a large area for a fair, to amuse the court,

and a quadrangle of workshops and trades for its use. Grass now grows everywhere, and the outside of the palace looks as if it had no owner.

VERONA

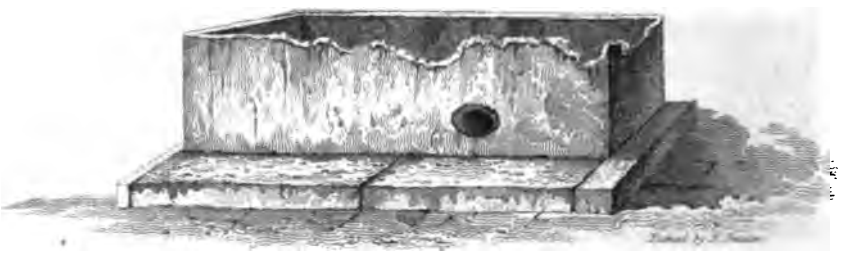
Is situated on a fine river, in a beautiful country, celebrated of old for the birth of Pliny and Catullus, and, in times less remote, for the animosities of the houses of Montagu and the Capulet, more interesting to us for the story of Romeo and Juliet.* She was buried in the soutterrain of Fermo Maggiore, which belonged to an order of Franciscan friars.† Some years ago the monastery was burnt down, and the vaults and burying-place reduced to ruins; at this time, the stone sarcophagus, the sepulchre of Juliet, was removed, and placed where it now is, in the entrance gateway of the monastery. The upper edge of it was entire when it was first put here, and has been since mutilated,

* See the history of Verona, by Girolamo de la Corte: the story is related as authentic.

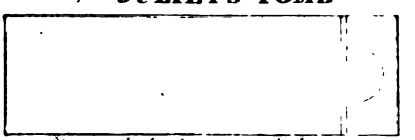
† This monastery was founded, 1230.

as is represented in the print, for scraps to carry away, as relics.

The amphitheatre has been so often, and so accurately described by Maffei and others, that it would be useless to repeat their observations, and I am not aware that any information can be added.* The seats are all perfect, having been



JULIET'S TOMB



Plan of the bottom of the tomb

* Of this amphitheatre, M. Beaumont has given these dimensions, made by himself in the year 1786. Its long diameter, from outside to outside, 450 feet; the short, or transverse diameter, 360; its circumference, 1,290 feet. The long diameter of the Arena is 223 feet, and the transverse diameter 136½ feet. Round the inside there are forty-four stone seats, raised each above the other eighteen inches high, and twenty inches broad, and, allowing twenty inches for each person, there would be room for 27,768 persons.

In

repaired and renewed from time to time. The two raised seats over the principal entrances have had balustrades. Of the origin of this barbarous invention I have no knowledge: I believe it was unknown to the ancients. In the inside of St. Peter's there are ancient marbles converted to these little monsters in architecture, three feet high, with unmeaning corpulencies united by slender necks, and capped with Ionic volutes.

This city is highly interesting for the revival of architecture by Sanmicheli,* who preceded the celebrated Andrea Palladio. He built several palaces, and the *Palazzo Canossa*, as he left it, is the best; by the print in Maffei there appears to have been some subsequent additions, which have not improved the original design. The Palazzo Bevilaqua is another of his celebrated buildings, but the façade has more the

In 1782, when Pius VI. visited Verona, the amphitheatre was filled, and, upon that occasion, it was found to contain 28,000 persons, and the same number in 1816, when the emperor of Austria visited Verona.

* Michele Sanmicheli died 1559, aged 75, and Andrea Palladio died 1580.

character of a prison than a palace; it is overcharged to excess; the interior of his little chapel Pellegrini, in San Bernardino, though never finished, has not been surpassed for elegance of design by any architect since his time, although the spiral-fluted columns at the entrance are not to my taste, notwithstanding ancient authorities.*

In the cathedral are many old inscriptions, but, by far the most interesting, is a long inscription to Pacifico, the archdeacon, who died, A. D. 846. This monumental tablet is over a side door of the church. From this inscription, it appears that he collated two MSS. which were old in his time, and are now preserved in the library of the cathedral. The one is a Latin MS. of the four Evangelists, and the

* In Verona there are four Gothic monuments of the *Scaligeri*, each surmounted with an equestrian statue of *Il Capitano del Popolo*; they are interesting examples of the Italian Gothic of that age: the earliest is of the date 1261.

In the church of St. Anastasia is a whimsical *concetto* by Sansovino. Two beggars, a man and his wife, who used to beg at the church-door, he has made to support two large basins with holy water, sculptured in colored marbles, representing the holes in their rags.

other of the Psalms. That of the Evangelists is on very thin purple vellum, written in gold and silver letters, and exactly corresponds to the MS. of the Psalms of which I have already spoken, in the public library at Zurich, both as to the character, and to the vellum on which it is written. The Psalms consist of 151. The usual number, 150, are in Greek, written in Roman characters; and the additional Psalm is in the same character, but in Latin. All the letters are Roman capitals, except the *e*, the *d*, and the *h*; and the *m* is like an inverted *ɯ*. I have been the more particular, as a minute examination of them, to a biblical scholar, may be of some little service to ascertain the probable date of other manuscripts where the style, and character of the writing, are all that exist to determine that point. From these, being old MSS. before the year 846, they may be considered, with great probability, to be of the fourth or fifth century; and I have never seen any manuscript, the date of which could be ascertained with certainty, so early; the Herculaneum manuscripts excepted. There is a docu-

ment in the archives of the little Republic of St. Marino, written in 885, which is the oldest date I have ever seen to a MS.

The ancient bridge, called Porte della Pietra, is said to have been built by Vitruvius, I suppose, for no better reason than because it has been said, that he was born here, which he was not.

The cabinet of Count Gazola contains one of the most curious and interesting collections of fossil remains that is any where to be seen, consisting of fossilized fish and plants, collected from the mount Bolcha; about twenty-eight miles from Verona. This mountain is composed of four horizontal strata, or laminæ; the uppermost is of basalt, the next of coal; under which are fossilized fish, and plants; and, as far as their similarity can be traced or identified, they are such as now belong to every sea and every climate. Below these strata the mountain is volcanic.

VICENZA.

Here Palladio was born, and here is to be found the greatest assemblage of his works.

Among the most celebrated, are his Villa for the Marquis Capra, and his Olympic theatre. The Villa has been universally admired, and, in England, we have three imitations of it. The pediments of the porticos, I think, are too high, and the mode by which the roof of the building is attached to the cupola has a bad effect; nevertheless, this Villa, and Sanmicheli's chapel, at Verona, which I have already mentioned, are two of the best specimens of modern architecture in Italy. This celebrated Villa is now a melancholy spectacle; the stucco is ragged, the window-shutters are decayed and patched, and grass is growing between the steps of all the porticos up to the entrance doors. It is tenanted by an Austrian General at the rate of tenpence a day.

In the Refectory of the Convent annexed to the Church del Monte Berico, is a large picture by Paul Veronese, of Christ, in the character of a Pilgrim, at supper with Pope Gregory; this picture, and the one of the family of Darius before Alexander, in the Pisani Palace, in Venice, and one in the Durazzo Palace, in Genoa, are three of the finest easel pictures by this master.

PADUA.

Here the great object of attraction is *St. Antonio di Padua,* for there are two other *St. Antonios* of inferior merit, and of inferior power to work miracles. While I was here, a poor woman, who had been lame for some years, came with crutches, and kneeled before his shrine; rose, and walked away without them—*Credat Judæus Apella.*—Of the incredible miracles of this Franciscan friar, there is a large room, originally used as a school, and the walls entirely covered with pictures representing the divine powers of this Saint; among them, are three by Titian, commonly said to be in fresco; but, on examination, they appeared to me to be painted on the wall, and not absorbed into it.* They are of great excellence.

Padua is a city of considerable extent, but

* The subjects are—1st. An infant of a month old, made to speak and address his father upon the fidelity of his mother; 2nd. The restoration of this same mother to life after she had been murdered by her jealous husband; and the 3rd. The uniting together the legs of a boy, which had been cut off.

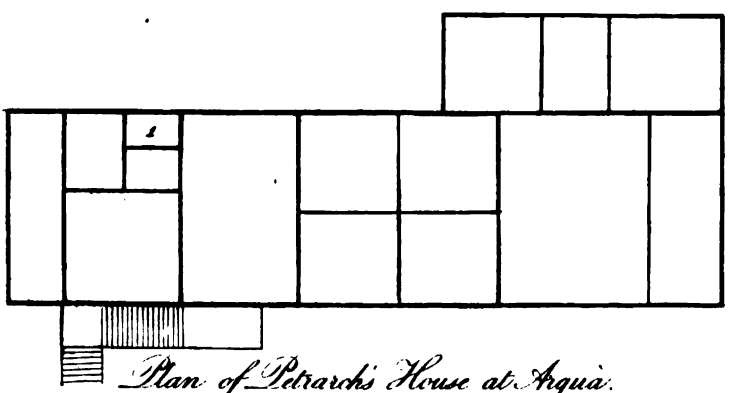
its present population is reduced to a fifth part of what it was in its greatest prosperity, and its famous University, which had upwards of ten thousand students, is now reduced to five or six hundred.

Before the church of St. Antony is a fine bronze equestrian statue of Erasmus of Narni, commonly called *Gatta-Melata,* a distinguished general of the Venetian Republic. This statue was made between the years 1430 and 1440, by Donatello, and is a striking example, to shew how much further the art of sculpture had then advanced beyond the art of painting: at this time, the principles of coloring, and chiar'-oscuro, and the science of perspective, were wholly unknown.

ARQUA.

Having been to Vaucluse, the favourite scene of Petrarch's early life, I now visited Arquà, where his last years were spent in a kind of exile, and where he died. The house still remains, without appearing to have undergone any material alteration since his time. It is pleasantly

situated among the Euganean hills, in a picturesque village, about ten miles from Padua. In a work, entitled *Petrarcha Redivivus*, by Tomasini, printed in 1635, there is a plan and a view of the house, as it was in his time, and they correspond in all material points with the house as it is now. The relics also of his book-case and his elbow-chair still remain as they are represented in his work. Among many bad fresco pictures in these rooms, there is a portrait of Petrarch, a front face, of the size of life, very tolerably painted, and is exactly the same character as his portrait in profile, placed before his MS. sonnets in the Laurentian library in Florence; and, though I do not suspect either to have been painted from Petrarch himself; yet, it is extremely prob-



Plan of Petrarch's House at Arquà.

Fig. 1. The book-closet where Petrarch died.

PETRARCH'S HOUSE AT ARQUÀ.

able that both were copied from authentic pictures then existing, probably by Simon Memmi. Tomasini has engraved three portraits in profile of Petrarch; and that in the Laurentian library is one of them, but not copied with much fidelity.

In an area, in the front of the parish church in the village, is Petrarch's tomb, a large granite sarcophagus, mounted on four low pilasters. He was first buried in the church, and his remains were afterwards removed into this sarcophagus by Francis de Brossano, his heir, who erected it for that purpose. Nearly two hundred years afterwards, a little insignificant bronze bust was struck upon it by a person who happened at that time to be the proprietor of Petrarch's house; and, who has recorded his benefaction on a brass plate placed under it.

Petrarch died in his study, when no one was present, and was found with his arm leaning on a book. This room was a light closet, six feet five inches long, and four feet five inches wide. It is laid down in Tomasini's plan. Boccaccio lamenting the death of his friend, in a let-

ter to Brossano, says, "I envy Arquà, a village hardly known even at Padua, the glory of possessing the ashes of a man, whose heart was the residence of the muses, the sanctuary of philosophy, of eloquence, and the fine arts." He died July 18, 1374.

VENICE,

As a commercial city, is irretrievably sunk, and the Austrian Government is endeavouring to make Trieste rise upon its ruin. Here are coffee-

Petrarch's Tomb.

houses in the piazza of St. Mark, and shops in the neighbouring streets furnished with French trinkets; gold chains are manufactured at the foot of the Rialto, bought by foreigners for presents; and the glass manufactory of the *Murano* is occupied in making beads for purses, bracelets, and reticules; but, its ancient commerce has perished. The palaces are deserted, and the nobility no longer reside in an inconvenient city, where all power and authority are withdrawn, which, in the time of the Republic, gave to every one who raised himself by his industry or his talents some compensation for his "moated imprisonment."

Several very considerable improvements were made in Venice while it was in the possession of the French. The dock was enlarged, and a new entrance made to it; so that now eighty-gun-ships may be conveniently built and launched. The French also made a small port, called *Porto Franco,* where merchant ships deposit their cargos *in transitu,* free of duty. They took down the church of St. Geminiano, at the end of the Piazza of St. Mark, opposite to the cathe-

dral, and converted the buildings at that end of the Piazza into a Palace, which cannot be much praised, but a little terraced garden attached to it, was made out of a site, occupied by wretched buildings, and offensive rubbish. They also made a public garden; a great acquisition to Venice. These are the chief alterations in the appearance of the city since the fall of the Republic.

The books of the public library are removed into the Ducal Palace, and the superb room of the old library makes a part of the new palace which was built by the French, now inhabited for two months in the winter by the Viceroy. The Greek Horses have resumed their situation, and the winged bronze Lion is also restored to the top of his column; but, instead of holding the Evangelist in his fore-paw, it is now under his feet.

The Doge's Cap, the regalia of Cyprus and Candia, together with the gold and jewels in the treasury of St. Mark, were all taken away at the commencement of the French Revolution; but, in a corresponding room, which still contains the religious relics, there are two superb

silver-gilt candelabra, about five feet high, of beautiful cinquecento workmanship, made between the years 1462 and 1471. In this room are the greatest number of relics that I have ever seen in any one collection. Here is a thumb of St. Mark,* a rib of St. Peter, a leg of St. George, capped and jewelled, and the skull of the Doge, who was made a saint, &c.; but, what I was particularly desirous to see, was the MS. of St. Mark's gospel, said to be in his own hand.† What remains of this manuscript is enclosed in a superb silver case, ornamented with small whole length statues of silver in high relief. This case, however, for many years, has not been opened; the manuscript being entirely destroyed and reduced to fragments of rotten vellum by the humidity of the place where it has been kept. A leaf of these fragments is exhibited between two plates of glass to shew the

* It may be some compensation to those who have lost St. Mark's body, that they know where to find his thumb; for the Shrine which contained it cannot now be pointed out with any certainty. The body is said to have been brought here in the beginning of the ninth century from Alexandria.

† Mr. Horne says, "this is proved to be a mere fable."

state of it. These I examined with the greatest attention, and I could only discover the form of three letters; which were rather like the impression of types, than the remains of what once had been ink. The learned have determined that this MS. contained only two-thirds of the Gospel, and, that the other third was preserved at Prague, and has been printed by Dobrowsky.*

THREE LETTERS IN ST MARK'S MS.

St. Mark's church contains an indescribable confusion of barbarous mosaïcs and square yard of gilding, from the earliest age down to the end

* The title of this fragment is *Fragmentum Pragense Evangelii S. Marci vulgo autographi*, 1778, 4to. With great deference to this authority; as this was part of a Latin MS. reasonable doubts may be entertained whether it ever made a part of the Venetian MS., which appears to have been written in Greek: although the letters I was enabled to discover would not decide that question, yet, a scholar, who examined the whole MS. an hundred and twenty-five years ago, discovered at that time the word KATA, and also a Δ and an Σ, which is decisive as to that point, if his testimony be worthy of credit.

of the seventeenth century. Over the middle entrance door is a whole length figure of St. Mark in a Pontifical habit, executed in mosaïc, from a cartoon by Titian. The bronze doors of the cathedral are curious specimens of ancient workmanship. One is of that form which the Romans called *quadrifores*, and another has six longitudinal divisions; and both are divided transversely into numerous rectangular compartments, ornamented with rude figures inlaid in the bronze, with silver, and a hard black resinous composition. The silver is employed to represent flesh, as the feet, the hands, the arms, and the faces, and the black composition represents the folds and outline of the draperies. Of this style of inlaying silver in bronze, there are numerous examples in the bronzes discovered in Herculaneum, and it seems to have been an art never wholly disused till the middle, or the end of the fifteenth century. These doors were brought from Constantinople, and were probably made in the age of Constantine.

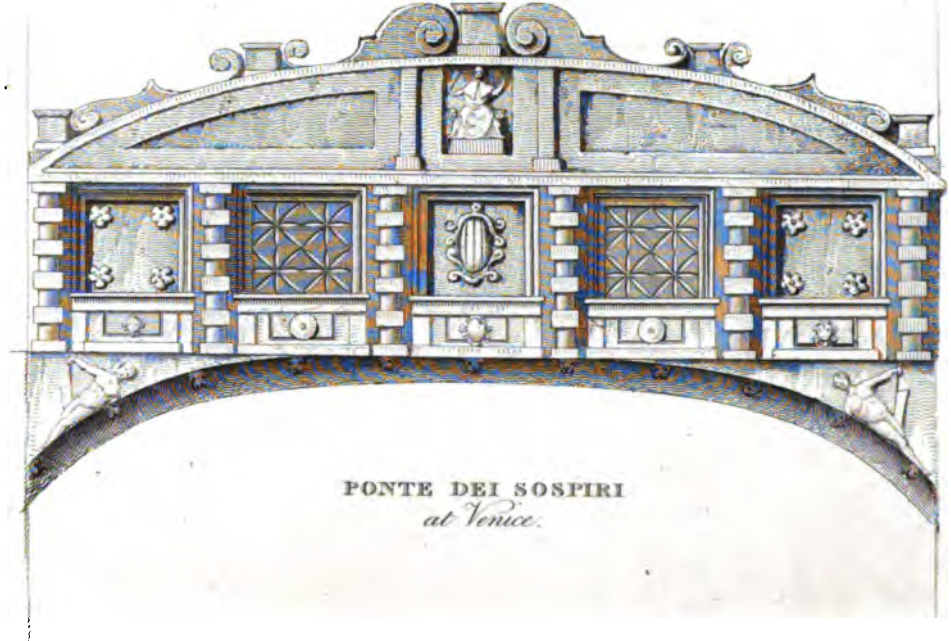
It was in the porch of St. Mark that the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa made his humilia-

tion to Pope Alexander III.; and, to record the event where he prostrated himself, and suffered the Pope to put his foot upon his neck, there are three large red marble slabs; and, in the centre of the middle one, is inlaid a lozenge of mosaïc to mark the spot where this arrogant ceremony took place.*

The Ducal Palace remains a monument of the ancient splendor of the Republic. The state chambers still glow with the pictures of Titian and Paul Veronese; and the carving and gilding, though too predominant, have a very imposing magnificence. In this Palace there is a large fresco picture of St. Christopher, by Titian, not commonly seen by strangers; it is a very fine work of art, but somewhat injured; and, it has an additional interest, being the only picture in fresco by Titian that I have any knowledge of; having already stated my doubts of the three miracles of St. Antony, at Padua.

From the Palace you pass *Il ponte dei sospiri* to the state prisons, or rather, the dungeons of

* Upon this historical fact there is some controversy, but I think the confirmatory testimony preponderates.



PONTE DEI SOSPIRI
at Venice.

the Republic. Narrow, dark, and wretched cells, of the size and shape of an ordinary London coal-vault. Here two prisoners were found when the Government was dissolved; one had been imprisoned eighteen, and the other thirty years, and all that time in utter darkness. One cell was appropriated to secret execution, and the spikes and marks of struggling agonies, still remain on the walls.

The celebrated Arsenal of Venice is now reduced to a single show-room of warlike curiosities. In this room is a cenotaph to Angelo Emo, the last admiral of the Republic, by Canova, which may serve both for the Admiral and the Republic itself.* Here is a complete suit of armour, which belonged to Henry IV., and instruments of cruelty and caprice, ascribed to Francesco Carrara, the last Lord of Padua, whom the Venetians were pleased to call a tyrant, to furnish themselves with a plea to put him and his two sons to death.

In the Academy of Arts are some remarkably

* He died, 1792.

fine pictures. At the head of the great Hall is the magnificent Assumption of the Virgin by Titian; and, under it, is placed a red porphyry vase, ornamented with or-moulu, containing the heart of Canova, with this inscription on it, COR MAGNI CANOVAE, in raised gold letters. It is a vase fit for a drawing-room, not grand, nor lugubrious: it is surmounted with a capsule of a poppy, which is a great improvement on a skull and cross-bones.

The Vase containing the heart of Canova.

August 3rd. This was the day of the annual distributions of the prizes in the Academy, with declamations by the President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Professor Barbieri.

The arrangement of the President's speech, consisted of a recitation of numerous illustrious names which could in any way be connected with his subject; then, a panegyric on the present happy and flourishing state of the Venetians; and an anticipation that the celebrity of the rising generation would equal or surpass the greatest works of the Venetian school; and concluded with an eulogy on the munificence and condescension of the Emperor. After three other declamations, a large dish-full of silver medals, on a table before the Vice-President, were distributed by him, to a crowd of students.

That there will be a future school in Venice to rival the age of Titian is not probable; and, with an impoverished and exiled nobility, and no commerce, by which wealth can rise again; the scattering of medals to a crowd of boys will probably lead only to this result, that a gleam of approbation may betray them into future penury.

Miscellaneous.

Among the extraordinary things to be seen in Venice, is the art, which deserves to be better known, of transferring fresco paintings from the wall upon canvas. In the house of Il Sig. Balbi, in the Campo Ruzoleo, I saw several frescos by Paul Veronese, which had been transferred from the wall upon canvas from the Palace Morosini; a palace near to Castel Franco, which was painted in fresco by Paul Veronese, and bought by the present proprietor on purpose to remove the pictures. The pictures are large; the figures of some of them larger than life. A slight portion of the wall is taken off with the colour, and the process is so perfect, that it is not possible to perceive that the picture has undergone the slightest change; and, when it is thus transferred, the canvas may be rolled as if it were an oil picture, without injury.

There is no spring of fresh water in Venice; the French made several attempts on the Lido, but without success. All the fresh water that is used in Venice is either rain, or brought from the main land, at a considerable expense: the old Government, therefore, very wisely contrived, that not a drop of water which could fall from the clouds into the piazza of St. Mark should be lost; and; the whole of the pavement, which, on a general view, appears flat, is so contrived as to consist of numerous very shallow cavities, where perforated stones are made to let the water run into large reservoirs beneath, which empty themselves by continued small streams into two

wells in the large cortile of the Ducal Palace; and the streams are regulated so as to diminish with the diminished quantity in the reservoirs. This water is public property, and is a very great accommodation to the poor. The two wells have parapets of sculptured bronze; one executed by a Venetian, in 1556; and the other by Alberghetti of Ferrara, in 1559.

The bell-towers in Venice, as the Campanile of St. Mark, St. Silvestro, St. Pietro di Castello, St. Giovanni di Rialto, St. Francesco della Vigna, and others of the same kind, deserve to be noticed for the peculiarity of their architecture. They resemble what has been called Saracenic: the flat and panelled relief is very similar to the Ziza, at Palermo, which is considered to be an undoubted Saracenic house.

In the time of the Republic there were about five thousand gondolas in Venice, the number is now reduced to two thousand.

In the Manfrin Palace is a small terra-cotta model of a Charity, said to be by Michel' Angelo, which, from its style and character, I am inclined to credit.

In Venice, the Capuchin Friars are restored, and the figure of their Saint, receiving the five wounds of our Saviour!!

In the small and obscure church of St. Luca was buried the the "divine Aretin." Here I looked for his bust and his mo-

nument, but not being able to find either, I inquired what was become of them, and was told, that when the church was repaired, his monument was buried under the pavement with his bones. This is a singular fate for a man, who, when alive, was styled the scourge of princes, and who had the vanity to be the first author that published in his lifetime his own portrait as a frontispiece to his works.

The sepulchral stone over Titian's Grave, in S.ta Maria de' Frari, at Venice.

TURIN.

From Milan to Turin is about ninety-eight English miles; the road is exceedingly good, and, with one very inconsiderable descent, is as flat as Hounslow Heath all the way.

The city of Turin is a remarkable contrast to Milan, where the streets are narrow, crowded, and intricate; while those of Turin are all arranged like the divisions on a chess-board, in square masses of equal dimensions, and the streets, wide, and straight, and long, and at right angles in every direction. It looks like a city planned by a royal architect, whose subjects, of equal wealth and station, were already made for his buildings, and not as if it had grown, as other cities, out of the varied circumstances and conditions of human life. A town built by this receipt loses its individuality and its interest. Turin and Mannheim, and the city of Washington, in America, are all the same; to which several others might be added.

The Palace is not remarkable;* it has a few exceedingly good pictures, two by Claude Lorraine, one by Paul Potter, a magnificent portrait by Van Dyck, of a Duke of Savoy on horseback, and a singular whole length portrait of Charles I., said to be by Van Dyck, which it certainly is not, but I suspect it to be by Dobson. The expression is more cheerful than in any portraits I have ever seen of that king: the right hand is much too small, and badly painted, which is quite conclusive that Van Dyck did not paint that part of the picture.

Of the curiosities in the Museum there is a considerable collection of ancient bronze frag-

* The staircase of this Palace is very spacious, but made of common stone, and destitute of ornament or decoration, while the Ducal Palace has a superb staircase, but no other part of the building was ever finished. There are also two churches in Turin opposite to each other, which have this corresponding peculiarity, that one has only a façade, and the other is superbly decorated within, and is without a façade; so that it is a common saying at Turin, that the four most remarkable things, are, a Palace without a staircase, and a staircase without a Palace; a Church without a façade, and a façade without a Church.

ments, and a table of steel, inlaid with Egyptian hieroglyphics, in silver; but that it is of Egyptian workmanship is very doubtful. Here is a shield and a helmet embossed with bas-reliefs, if not by Benvenuto Cellini, at least worthy of him; and in a better style than the *cinquecento*. Here is also a sword-hilt, where the pommel and the knobs of the guard, are composed of groups of men on horseback, executed with the same freedom and taste, although in steel, as if they were models in wax. In all the museums of Europe, I have never seen any modern works of this kind of equal excellence. By mentioning these minute objects with such particularity I have no desire to magnify their importance; but, it may not be generally known, that although the name of Benvenuto Cellini be familiar to every one; yet, in this line of art, in which he was so particularly celebrated, extraordinary as it may seem, there is not an *undoubted* specimen of his workmanship any where to be met with, unless any part of the bas-reliefs on the pedestal of his Persius, or the ornaments on the armour of his

colossal bust of Cosmo I. be considered as an exception.

In this museum is an ancient bronze Fulmen, of which I know no other example.

The public library contains many books and MSS., and some beautifully illuminated, but none of any particular value for their scarcity or antiquity. The University is little more than a name. The students took an active part in the Revolution when VICTOR EMANUEL, the late king, resigned his crown to his brother CHARLES FELIX, and many were expelled or banished.

The Carignano Palace is the most considerable in Turin, and its façade is one of those innumerable instances where architecture has been made subservient to the fashion of the day, after the style of Borromini, rather than conformable to any principles of good taste.*

* It was at this palace where that incident occurred related by Mr. Hobhouse, p. 32, which I shall not repeat, because the work itself must be in the hands of those who read modern travels; which, together with that of Forsyth, are worth all the books of the kind that have fallen in my way.

The Prince Carignano is heir presumptive to the throne; in politics, he was at the head of the *Carbonari*, and obliged to leave Turin, when their Magna Charta was destroyed or burnt by the common hangman. Since then, he has been convinced of his political heresies, received as a penitent by the Holy Alliance, and has been invested with the *cordon bleu* by his Most Christian Majesty; so that, upon the death of the present good King of Sardinia, he will, now, most probably, reign in his stead.

The present king, CHARLES FELIX, is a retiring character, and, when he goes to the theatre, has prohibited any of his subjects, saying, "God save our noble King!" What a contrast to an English theatre: it reminded me of the operation of a Chinese law, where a man is severely punished who presumes to praise the Emperor; because such conduct implies that he must be endowed with culpable impudence to imagine his approbation worth the Emperor's acceptance; and, guilty of a high misdemeanor, to suppose that he, who is immeasurably above all praise, can stand in need of it.

On the north side of Turin, on the right bank of the Po, is a beautiful range of hills, the favourite situation for villas and for religious establishments; but the object most remarkable, is Superga, built by the Duke of Savoy, as a votive offering to the Virgin Mary, for Prince Eugene's victory over the French before Turin, in the year 1706. Here is a collegiate establishment, with a handsome church, and a superb place of sepulture for the royal family of the House of Savoy. The church is built on the highest point of this range of hills, and, from the top of the dome, in a very clear day, may be seen the Cathedral of Milan.

The walls of the royal sepulchral chambers are richly ornamented with marble and ormoulu, and skulls, with wings and royal crowns upon them. Such incongruous combinations make that ludicrous which is intended to be solemn. It would, probably, be very unjust, to accuse the artist with either having read Milton, or misunderstood him; but, in painting, I have seen the same mistake by those who set

a high value on the sublimity of their own genius.

ASTI.

October 11th, 1822. Here I staid an hour to see the palace where Alfieri was born. It is inhabited by his sister, who is in perfect health. These walls imparted little, but the pleasure that is awakened by associations.

GENOA.

The approach to it from Alexandria is eminently beautiful. The Bay is spacious, and the rocky hills, which make a striking part of this view, are covered with churches and palaces; and, on entering the city itself, the principal streets do not disappoint expectation. Under any tolerable government, Genoa must always be a place of considerable commercial importance; but, whether CHARLES FELIX will ever understand the value of this acquisition to his dominions, or the Emperor of Austria, to whom his nominal territory may be said more properly to belong, is very problematical. The two elder brothers of his present Majesty abdicated, because they found a crown an incumbrance; and it is now preserved from falling to the ground by the assistance of a foreign power, which, if we may judge from Venice, is not likely to restore the lost enterprize and activity of this once flourishing aristocracy.

Genoa, in the days of its prosperity, was distinguished for its princely palaces, and useful

and splendid Institutions. Of the palaces, many are empty, or let out in lodgings, but the Durazzo still remains to shew the former wealth and grandeur of these mercantile princes, who have now lost their station, and are the mere shadows of themselves. When the Emperor Joseph II. visited Genoa, he was lodged in this Palace, and, in walking through its superb rooms and galleries, he said to his noble host, "you are better lodged than I am." Which I believe to be literally true, as far as I recollect of the imperial Palace at Vienna. The palace and gardens of Andrew Doria are now destitute of interest, except for their situation, and for having belonged to that celebrated Commander. In the church of St. Matthew is his sarcophagus, with the inscription effaced, and his mausoleum stripped and pillaged of all its ornaments by the barbarians, in 1797.* The Serra Palace has one room entirely gilt, which is an object

* His statue, most honourably raised to him by the Republic in front of the Ducal Palace, was thrown down and broken to pieces at the same time.

of curiosity from its costliness, but it has no other merit.

Of public Institutions, the school for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb at the Convent of the Misericordia is admirably conducted. The impression produced by this ingenious system of education is more striking at first, than its effects are extraordinary upon deliberate consideration; yet, the debt we owe to the Abbé de l'Epée, and his generous successor the Abbé Sicard, is not on that account at all diminished. In considering this system, there is one part of it which I am persuaded might be adopted in our grammar schools with advantage, as abstract and arbitrary terms, by boys, are always comprehended with difficulty. Here, *cases* and their *government* never present any difficulty to the deaf and dumb. The nominative, the verb, and the accusative, are at once explained by a simple action, which is immediately understood, and retained in the memory. In like manner, different Latin words which are translated into English by the same word having a

different sense, are defined by distinct actions; so that the dullest capacity has immediately a clear perception of their meaning.

To those who think education a blessing this institution merits unabated praise; and I am one of those who hold, and have always held, that he who assists in giving light to the understanding, must in every age and nation be regarded as a benefactor to mankind. And, although upon this point, there is now a material difference of opinion, I have yet to learn how that Instruction which teaches the religious and moral knowledge of right and wrong, can in any way interfere with the best interests of society.

In the neighbourhood of Genoa there are many very beautifully situated villas. The garden of the Prince Doria Pamfili is a beautiful wilderness, and the Lomelini Gardens, furnished with a theatre, grottos, and Chinese temples, are in decay, and the walks and parterres fast returning to the state of nature out of which they were made.

Of relics this city has its share: with some

difficulty I saw the celebrated emerald dish, called the *Sacred Catano*, which, in 1809, Bonaparté ordered to be sent to Paris; in the peace of 1815, it was returned, but broken through the middle, and the one half reduced to fragments. When it arrived in France it proved to be a piece of green glass, as was universally expected, except by those whose interest it was to believe otherwise. There is, however, preserved in the same chest, an agate patera, three feet in circumference; the finest and the largest stone of this kind that has ever fallen within my observation.

In Genoa there are no Roman antiquities, except a bronze *Rostrum* of an ancient Roman Galley, the only one now in existence. It was discovered in the Port on cleansing it, in the year 1597, and is placed over a door in one of the rooms of the *Arsenal de terre.**

* The whole length of the Rostrum is two feet four inches, but the boar's head is only eight inches and a half long, so that the hollow part to fit into the prow is nineteen inches and a half, made with four flat sides; diminishing from the base to the head. The width of the broadest side, at the base, is eleven inches, and of the narrowest, four inches and a half.

The College and University are still in a more deplorable state than at Turin; they are converted into a barrack, and filled with troops. Although the young gentlemen were not guilty of rebellion, yet learning was supposed to corrupt their political morals; and the king thought it more discreet timely to prevent the evil, by dispersing them.—"To hinder insurrection by driving away the people, and to govern peaceably by having no subjects, is an expedient that argues no great depth of political wisdom."

Miscellaneous.

In the Churches as well as in the Palaces of Genoa, there are many exceedingly good pictures. In the church of St. Ambrose are two fine pictures by Rubens, and an exquisite picture by Guido Reni. In St. Etienne is a singular picture of the stoning of St. Stephen, painted partly by Raffaello, and part, said to be painted by Giulio Romano. In the Durazzo Palace is one by Paul Veronese, which may class with the Family of Darius before Alexander, and the Supper of St. Gregory.

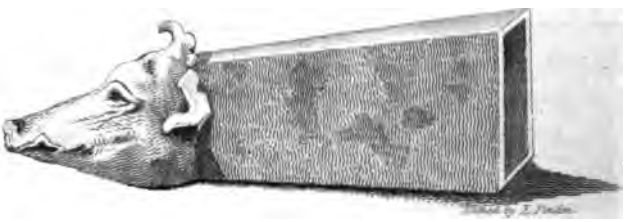
In sculpture, the most celebrated works are six statues of the size of nature, in bronze, by John di Bologna, which formerly decorated the Great Hall of the University; and six bronze bas-reliefs in the church, by the same master, at

least equal, if not superior, to those in his own chapel in the Annunziata in Florence.

Since Genoa has been annexed to Savoy, VICTOR EMANUEL built two frigates, and raised the money from the merchants by *forced loans*, divided into shares of the amount of an hundred pounds each, engaging to pay an interest at the rate of six per cent., which I believe has been constantly paid. These shares are sold or transferred in the money-market, like our exchequer-bills, but with this difference, that they are never to be funded or paid off. Such shares are now worth about sixty pounds sterling.—(October 19, 1822.)

House-rent and living is remarkably cheap in Genoa. Lord Byron, who lived here from the 29th of September, 1822, till he went to Greece, paid only twenty pounds a year for his house, sufficiently large and commodious for his establishment, in a very pleasant situation, just out of the town.

The ordinary wages of men-servants do not exceed ten pounds a year, and their board-wages, eight pence a day.



ROSTRUM *of a Roman Galley, at Genoa.*

CARRARA

Is a small town full of work-shops, for the manufacture of chimney-pieces. Here is also an Academy of painting and sculpture, well furnished with casts in plaster from the antique, of which Il Sig. Bartolini, of Florence, is the Director.

The marble quarries of Carrara begin at a mile and a half from the town, but the best are at the distance of three miles. The road is a continued ascent, enclosed by mountains, which are grand and picturesque.

In the quarry the marble is embedded in layers, which are intersected into sub-divisions in different directions, at right angles with the stratum, so that an iron-crow and a wedge are the principal tools employed in raising it, and these powers are applied without any additional machinery to increase their force. The road to convey the marble from the quarries, to Carrara, is exceedingly bad, and a rail-way might be constructed at a comparatively small expense.

These quarries belong to private individuals, and none of them to the Government.*

LUCCA

Is a large well paved town, containing a population of twenty-one thousand persons. This little Republic was seized by the French in 1796, but its Government was not nominally changed till 1805, when Bonaparté gave it to his sister, who was married to the Prince Piombino; and, in 1815, by the Congress of Vienna, it was erected into a Duchy, and given to Maria Louisa, Infanta of Spain, who is the reigning duchess.

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* The value of a cubic foot of marble varies according to the size of the block. A block of the finest white statuary marble of an hundred cubic Italian palms, equal to four tons English, would be twenty francs a palm, while a smaller block of twenty or thirty cubic palms would not exceed ten francs a palm.

A block of four tons would be worth about 80*l.* sterling at the quarry.

6$\frac{3}{4}$ palms of Carrara, superficial measure, are equal to five feet one inch English.

Twenty-five cubic palms are equal to 13$\frac{1}{2}$ cubic English feet, or one ton.

Here was an amphitheatre, and, of the outer circle, there is still a very slight vestige of its ancient architecture. This fragment brought to my mind, that it was in this city, Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus, first assembled to put an end to the Roman Republic, and divide the empire among themselves.

The Baths are about seventeen miles from Lucca; the road is excellent all the way, by the side of the river Serchio,* which is rapid and turbid; the bed of the river is very wide, and, except in floods, the greater part is dry. The baths are in no respect different to other common baths. The houses are embosomed in mountains, which are not lofty, and have winding paths in various directions to ascend them.

Of the virtues of these waters I have no knowledge; to me they were perfectly tasteless. The hottest spring is 128½ of Fahrenheit, and the residuum, on evaporation and precipitation, is

* Trout, or a fish so called, is taken in this river as large as twelve pounds weight, and the flesh is as white as cream.

about three-fourths silex, and one-fourth iron; according to the analysis of Dr. Moscheni.

The poor live here principally on bread made of chesnut-flour.

PISA.

More than a century ago, a celebrated writer, called Pisa the shell of a great city not half furnished with inhabitants; it is the same now, and appears to be in no respect improved from that time. Its leaning tower, and the architecture of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, are its principal attractions, which Mr. Forsyth is pleased to call the Lombard style, but I think it better characterized by Addison, who calls it a *fancy* rather than a style. After the loss of the Greek and Roman architecture, all the corruptions that grew out of them, if they were very preposterous, have been dignified with the distinction of a *style*; so that we have the Saracenic, the Saxon, the Norman, the Lombard, the Elizabethan, and the mixed Roman and Hindoo styles; to which, with a little ingenuity, many others might be added.

To examine those facts which cast a light upon the advancement or decline of our faculties in any branch of knowledge may be worth the investigation, but, to class and systematize the debility of the middle ages, is an attempt to give manly proportions to an homunculus. For these various fancies or styles, I have no predilection, and I am as much at a loss to understand the partiality of others, as I am to enter into the feelings of those who see additional beauty in the leaning tower for its deviation from the perpendicular.*

As this tower has always been a subject of interesting curiosity, and of much controversy to determine whether it was originally constructed with its present obliquity; I examined it with attention, and I am surprised how so idle an opinion could ever have originated in the mind of any rational person, and, it is still more surprising how such an opinion can still exist.

* "Upon the whole, the leaning tower is a very elegant structure; and the general effect is so pleasing, that, like Alexander's wry neck, it might well bring leaning into fashion amongst all the towers in Christendom."—*Diary of an Invalid*, vol. i. p. 42.

I also examined the *Torre della Specola*, in its immediate neighbourhood, which is so much out of the perpendicular, that it is now useless as an observatory, for which purpose it was built; but Vasari, nearly three hundred years ago, gave the true solution of these defects, "Il Architetto non palefică la platea come doveva." The architect did not secure the foundation by driving in piles, as he ought; why this simple reason has had no weight with posterity it is difficult to explain.*

The *Campo Santo* is a large burying-ground, in form, a rectangle, about 406, by 116 feet, enclosed within an arcade. It has its name from the holy earth, which the Pisans brought from Palestine, in the year 1192, but the building was not erected till 1283; and it contains, in

* "One of the literati of Pisa took pains to convince me, that the German architect contrived this declination."—*Forsyth*, vol. i. p. 14.

This bell-tower, which is circular, diminishes to the top. Its greatest diameter, at the base, is about fifty-four feet; at the top, forty-one feet six inches, and the height is 188 feet. Its deviation from the perpendicular is fifteen feet. It was begun to be built August 9, 1174.

different compartments, the works of Giotto, Memmi, Buffalmacco, Orgagna, Benozzo, and other early restorers of painting. The arcade was originally composed simply of semicircular arches, but subsequently, Gothic tracery and mullions have been introduced.*

Whoever has read Dante, can hardly pass through Pisa without inquiring where the *Torre della Fame* anciently stood. The tower has been long swept away, and should have been razed to the ground, when the keys were thrown into the Arno; its situation is still marked by some remains of those walls which composed the horrid tomb of Ugolino and his sons, "who, when he looked upon them, wept not: so all stone he felt within.—They wept."

LEGHORN.

Here I made an acquaintance with Mr. Hall,

* This point I examined, and I did not find one instance where they made a part of the original construction, but were all let into the semicircular arches.

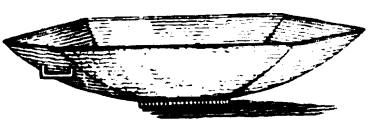
The Cathedral was finished in 1092. These dates are given for the finishing of the Baptistry, 1153, 1164, 1174.

a man of letters, a collector of virtù, and an antiquary. He had made a large collection of multifarious objects, and his voluble description of their rarity and value, shewed that he had not miscalculated on the pleasure of adding these pursuits to his more important duties.

The Protestant Cemetery here is a rare example of indulgence in a Catholic country to the seceders from the church of Rome. It is filled with tombs, and Smollet's is of the number, but, from its insignificance, it is not readily found; it was raised by subscription, and it bears testimony, that the means were sparingly bestowed. Mr. Hall, who had been chaplain to the British factory for more than forty years, was my Ciceroni, and, after calling my attention to those inscriptions which he thought of interest, he pointed out to me where he once, unknowingly, profaned the sacred service of the dead by burying the body of a kid, for a female infant; and though this event happened so long ago as the 19th of March, 1796, his indignation was not abated———

In Leghorn, the only public monument that

attracts attention, is a colossal group of four bronze slaves at the feet of a hero, in a commanding attitude. At first, it is difficult to imagine who this distinguished warrior could have been, but, on the pedestal, is the name of Ferdinand I. —An illustrious example of a man taking pains to perpetuate a name which ought to be blotted out of the page of history. Had this statue been raised to mark the valor and the victories of Turenne or Wellington, it might have been contemplated with honest pride; but now, it can only bring to the recollection the character of a man, who, whether he be considered as a Cardinal or an Archbishop, must be ranked among the most treacherous and the wickedest of mankind.

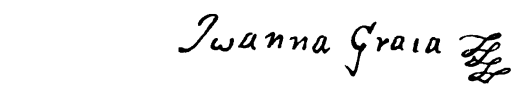


The Emerald Dish at Genoa, called the Sacred Catino.

ART. HISTORY OF ART OXFORD

FAC-SIMILES.

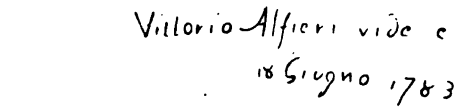
Signature of Henry IV of France.



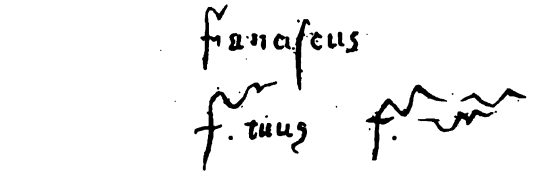
Lady Jane Grey's signature to her letters to Bullinger.

Signature of Racine, written in Stanley's Aeschylus, which formerly belonged to him; in the public Library, at Toulouse.

His signature to a letter in the public Library, at Ferrara.



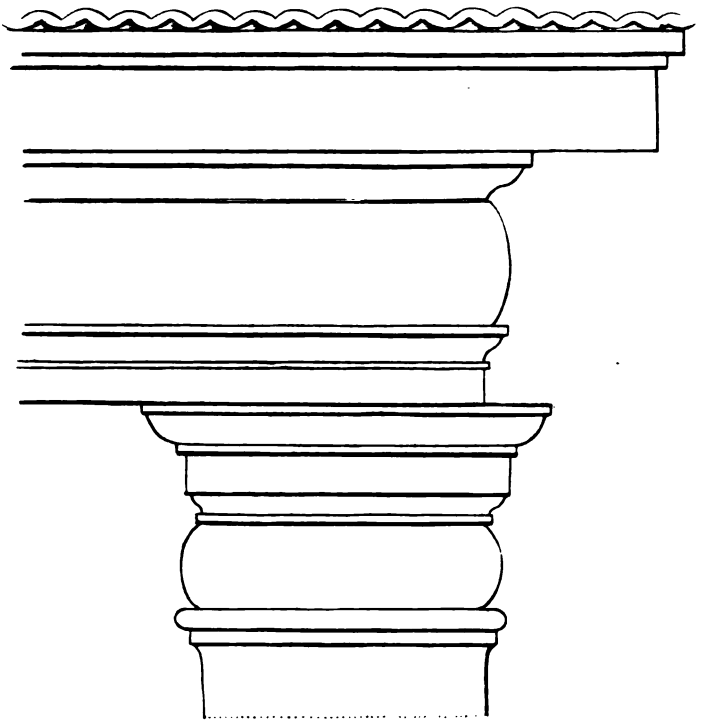
Written by Alfieri when he visited the Library, 1783; at the bottom of a sheet of rough M.S. copy of the Orlando Furioso.

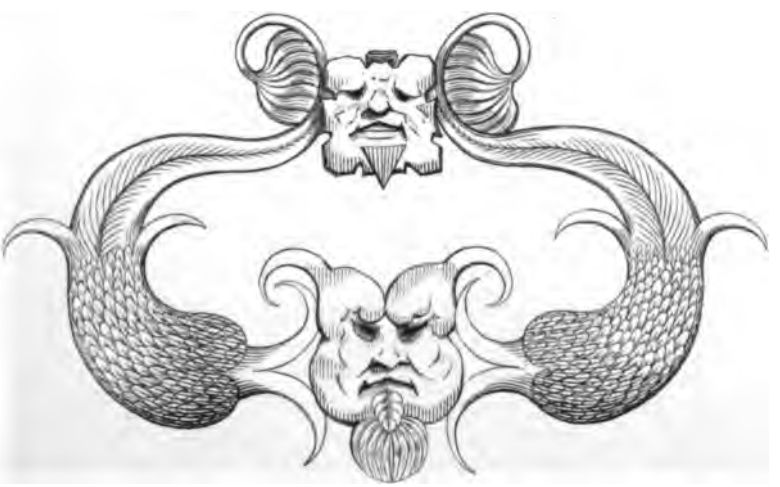


Petrarch's signatures; in the Laurentian Library, at Florence.

Petrarch appears always to have made his signature after this manner: and never with the addition of his surname.

Pilaster and Entablature of Aristo's House.





The Knocker on Aristo's door;
supposed to have been his design.

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ERRATA.

Page 5, *Two lines from the bottom, read*, his triumphal arch is a second edition of the arch of Septimius Severus, and a poor imitation of the arch of Constantine.
— 28, *for* repositary, *read* repository.
— 64, *for* haussent, *read* haussant.
— 143, *for* Amalasuntha, *read* Amalasontha.
— 151, *for* Julio Romano, *read* Giulio Romano.
— 158, *for* porte, *read* ponte.

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